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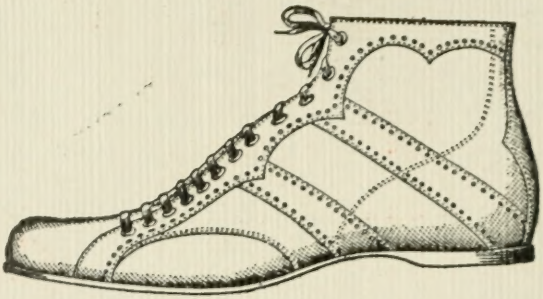
The Saint Andrew's College Review

Xmas 1907



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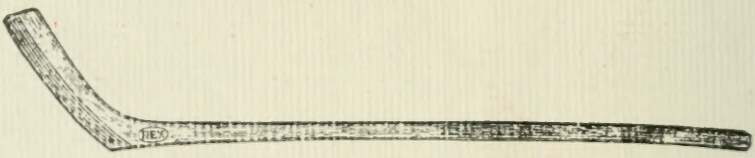

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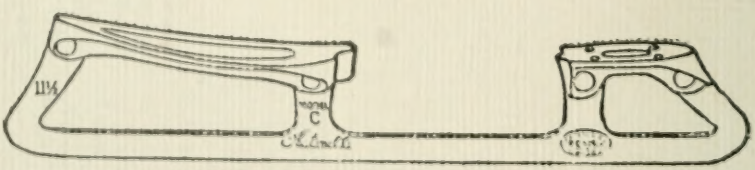

Skates Sharpened, 10c. and 15c.

The St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1907.

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Editor-in-Chief: - - CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

Editors:—HOUSSER
BEATY
RAMSAY
DAVISON

Business Manager:—EBERTS

Asst. Managers:—CRAWFORD, GRASS

Exchange Editor:—BURNS

Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER

St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.
EDITORS: HOUSSER, BEATY, RAMSAY, DAVISON.
BUSINESS MANAGER: EBERTS. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: CRAWFORD, GRASS.
EXCHANGE EDITOR: BURNS.

CHRISTMAS, 1907

Editorials.

THE EDITORIAL CRUMB.

Why is it that a paper is considered but poorly dressed if it be not prefaced with editorial padding? Who wants to write editorials, and, still less, who wants to read them?

Once more we make our bow, and once more do we shake our brain-box in the hope that something—anything—will flavour the first page of our Xmas Review.

To be sure, there are the Christmas greetings. But they are always the same, and they are always taken for granted—by a few sensible folk, at any rate.

Then there are those fragrant bouquets that one always throws at oneself—the modest success of the past year, the shy acknowledgment that one might have done worse, and the inane hope that future years—but, you know the rest! It is ever the same!

This year the Editor-in-Chief has but one message. Luckily it is *not* one of the Old Reliables. It is slangy, brief, impolite, but really urgent.

It is—"GET BUSY, BOYS OF SAINT ANDREWS!"

REGARDING ADVERTISERS.

One good turn deserves another, and the editors take pleasure in commending to the patronage of the school, all those merchants and others who consider it worth while placing an ad. to our credit. The REVIEW has a good circulation, and the patronage of boarders and day-boys alike is no small item in the various stores. Before making purchases of any kind, why not glance over the space devoted to our advertisers, and give them the benefit of your patronage? Only the best advertise with us, and only the best will you find at their centre of business.

LACK OF SCHOOL-SUPPORT

While the various exchanges have been very complimentary in their criticisms of the REVIEW, we of the inner circle, with less charity and more plain-speaking, cannot but realize that the paper does not by any means live up to its possibilities. A school publication should be something more than a mere chronicle of school events. In looking over the magazines that come to us, both from Canadian and American schools, the editor can see distinctions with a very marked difference. There is more of a literary tone in most of these exchanges, and our own columns are in this issue enriched with pilferings from these excellent and varied sources. While our own stories are second to none, we must deplore the absence of good verse and articles of a more literary type. One little journal—The Ashburian—has some splendid material upon which we have taken the liberty to draw. The college from which this enterprising periodical draws its life is much smaller than S. A. C. as regards numbers, and, in the natural course of events, cannot have the same amount of talent in its ranks. And yet, we do not seem to be able to extract, by force or persuasion, those taking little bits of verse and prose that go so far towards making a college paper a success. Rugby news and athletic records are very well in their

way, but there are other phases of school life and enterprise that are quite as worthy of record. We hate to ask for contributions, because we are bluntly refused or the favor is granted from a few with such grandiloquent air that one feels like sending a fat cheque in payment, or like rubbing one's nose in the dust in abject gratitude. The duty of a boy to his college paper does not end with a subscription that he does not even have to pay out of his own pocket. Nor does it end in the growling and criticisms that come so easy when other fellows have done the work.

Has this hot air entered the right draught?

THE VISIT OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

So quickly did he come, so quickly go, that the visit of the great Kipling seems more like a dream than a pleasant reality. Entirely unexpected, Mr. Kipling arrived one Saturday morning, when but few boys were about to see the "Soldiers' Poet" and to give him welcome. He made a very hasty tour of the buildings, and as he was leaving addressed a few of the fellows who had assembled on the steps, and who, in spite of their fewness, gave him three good cheers.

It was a privilege even to have so brief a glimpse of the author of "The Recessional" and "The Brushwood Boy," two creations of a facile brain that would have brought him into fame had he not arrived there long before. Small, unimposing, of a quick, nervous manner, very plainly attired, this man, who is known and loved through the British Empire, stood at the entrance of Saint Andrew's, and, in a voice hard and toneless, spoke humourously of his youthful detestation of visitors who came to his school and told the boys what they ought not to do. With a friendly wave of the hand and of his shabby hat, the great writer entered his motor and in a few moments had passed through the College gates.

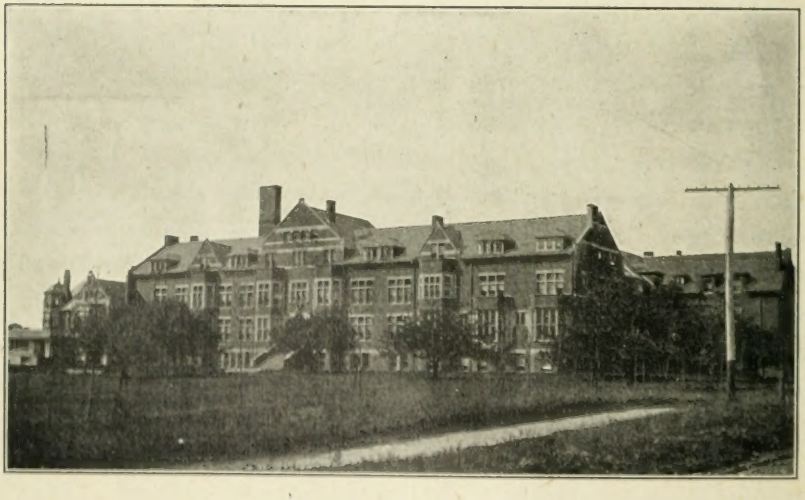
The photo on page 36 was secured by Bronson, and is particularly interesting to readers of the REVIEW.

Where All is Well.

As His Excellency was leaving the College after his memorable visit, he remarked to the Lieutenant-Governor, "All is well there." Surely no greater tribute than this could have been paid to any school. The fact that "all is well" speaks volumes for the condition of affairs both within and without. Nor is it less pleasing to feel that the fact of such a condition was apparent to a casual visitor, who had been already surfeited with a tiresome round of school visiting and official inspections. The home or the school which rejoices in the knowledge that all is well need fear little or nothing of what the years have in store.

Dr. Grenfell's Letter.

The very interesting letter by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell which will be much appreciated by all readers of the Review. It will serve to keep in mind, too, our promise to send something each Easter towards the grand work of this splendid and intrepid worker in the distant Labrador. May he meet with richly deserved success!



Contributed Articles.

DR. GRENFELL'S LETTER.

SS. "Strathcona," Labrador,

"Afloat Again," November, 1907.

IN answer to your letter, I must ask you to excuse me if my reply appears both tardy and inadequate. From now till the time when we must go, willy nilly, into winter quarters, the function of a scribe is not an easy one on a small vessel in these latitudes. I must plead also the incessant interruptions incident to the many functions which this peripatetic life involves. The fact is, the long period of inaction is overshadowing us like the sword of Damocles, and we are struggling our hardest to redeem the brief time still left to us.

In reality, winter with us has already set in. We have already felt the sting of Jack Frost's advancing feet; already more than once the young ice forming on the surface of our sea has been cutting from the water line of our jolly boat such varnish as still remained, while we rowed to and fro from shore to ship. The long, dark nights and short, dull days betray only too unmistakably his stealthy footfall. Father Neptune now never ceases for a moment from hurling in from his mighty bosom the great Atlantic rollers that break and roar, seething against the cliffs outside the harbour. He has claimed already this year a far larger toll in lives and vessels than we have, as a rule, to pay him for feeding us—some seventy-odd vessels and nigh as many lives, he gathered into his relentless maw in a single mighty effort that he made last month. Strewn on the landward to leeward of the very place from which I write are the shattered fragments of once good vessels—grim witnesses of his victory.

Even on the land the green of the firs and spruces alone stand out in contrast to that universal coat of dullness it assumes before she dons the white robes in which she hides herself for good six months. Our codfish are leaving the shore for deeper

and warmer waters; our trout and salmon are hurrying up the streams to the warm mud in the deeper upland lakes.

An uneasy realization of the brevity of time pervades all around, and resolutions are renewed making us hasten, that we may fulfil our appointed tasks, and redeem the time ere it be too late.

So it happened that last Monday, getting steam as soon as eight bells at midnight announced that Sunday was over, we left before dawn in the little "*Strathcona*" for a cove twenty miles to the southward of the hospital of St. Anthony, to fetch a load of logs for firewood—which had been cut last winter. We took in tow the hospital motor-launch, loaded with all the lumber we could carry, as we wanted to finish a half-way tilt some fifteen miles beyond the cove. This is for shelter on our winter travels, or for teams and men when hauling patients to hospital in sledges over the snow. It was fine and bright when we left the steamer at midday, staggering under all we could carry, and stored with food for two days. It was to be full moon that night, and we expected to have light enough to get up all the board before midnight to the long lake, where we had left a boat hidden in the trees since the previous fall.

Alas, for man's calculations! Long before dusk a sudden fall in temperature, accompanied by snow and sleet, warned us of impending trouble. The wind rising rapidly compelled us to detail one hand to return and stand by the launch. The darkness of hurrying clouds deprived us of the assistance of the moonlight, and we had hardly made shelter before it was inky dark, and blowing a hurricane. During the night trees snapped off like matchwood, one falling heavily on our tilt, and the wind in the tail of the cyclonic storm blew from every quarter of the compass. Soon after daylight next morning, a sorry figure, wet to the skin, dragged himself into camp. It was our man from the launch. He had been quite unable to get on board her, until the violence of the storm had seized the little craft and flung her like a featherweight, anchor and chain and all, right up among the willows. Neither could he face again the big lake in the boat, and all night he had braved the full force of the weather. We could only settle down to wait for the steamer, which we expected to relieve us that day. But the day went by and no steamer arrived, and our food supply began to run

unpleasantly short. We had no way to escape, so had to rely on rod and gun to eke out the dry biscuits that remained. A large pool in the river, by which we had built our tilt, was full of salmon coming in from sea; but they will not take a fly nor bait at this season of the year. Yet, oddly enough, almost at the first cast one of us hooked a very large one. His first leap from the water created a sensation, for instead of the silver beauty one is accustomed to, a red and black monster in Mephistophelian dress broke into view. This is the appearance they maintain till next spring. After a hard fight, to our great chagrin we lost him round a large stone, and this was all the more to be regretted as it meant very restricted rations for supper. We, however, secured a few trout and bagged two brace of ducks as we returned by the lake. When another day went by, and still there were no signs of relief, we began making plans to get north. But next morning the sound of a gun-shot across the lake, and a big smoke, announced that our friends had arrived. So, considering ourselves entitled at last to a good, square meal, while we were packing up, we finished off our ducks, then closed our tilt, and rowed leisurely down the lake.

Meanwhile, our relief party seemed to be displaying unwarrantable anxiety over our trifling delay, and we supposed they could not have heard our answering guns. Too exuberant a display of emotion on our part at their arrival did not seem consonant with our dignity, and might lead them to suppose we were in difficulty; so we would not fire again. Then, when at last we made out the large number composing the relief party, we began congratulating ourselves on our dignified self-control. No sooner, however, had our keel touched the beach than a booted figure in dripping oilskins, acting as spokesman, said: "We've brought you bad news, Doctor." "What is the matter now?" "The "*Strathcona*" was driven ashore in the gale, and is stranded so that you can walk ashore from her; we have worked night and day and we can't get her off; none of us have had our oilskins off since you left, sir." "How did you get here?" "Rowed and sailed in a trap-skiff we got from Fichot Islands." "Have you got any food?" (This with some hesitation.) "No, sir; scarcely any left." It was already getting dark; it was raining. There was wind right in from the sea, and

we were heavily loaded. It was perfectly obvious that we could do nothing till morning, and we wished heartily we had discounted our dignity and come over without delaying to demolish those ducks. "Did you see any one coming up?" "A schooner anchored under an island, and another lost in the gale on the shore and breaking up." "You must return and find the first schooner again for the night. We will return to the tilt and will paddle down the river to its mouth in the morning, where you will await us at daylight. Good luck to you in finding her."

And so, somewhat dejectedly, we rowed back to our tilt. As luck would have it, the fact that we were out of salt had made us leave the soup from our ducks, as it seemed somewhat insipid at the time of our late banquet. But when, at length, in the cold and wet, we arrived at our tilt again, it drank like nectar, and greatly helped out the allowance of two crackers apiece. Suspicion of our dilemma had before this been aroused at the hospital by our non-appearance. For havoc had been worked in their harbour, also, and every boat afloat had been driven ashore and broken up, while a large schooner laden with fish had been knocked to pieces on the rocks. We made our rendezvous all safely next day, and, leaving a party to bring on the schooner, whose skipper we had suborned to come to the aid of the wreck, and accompanied by two boat-loads of men, we at length arrived off the creek in which the "*Strathcona*" lay. Judge of our joy, when we discovered that, held by six cables to the sides of the narrow inlet into which she drove, she was afloat, and with flags flying, was only awaiting our arrival to get clear altogether. The breeze during the past night, which had veered again to the same direction that drove her ashore, had found her with all her spring hawsers taut, had bumped her generously up and down, so that the steam-winch could gain a few inches during each lift, till it had actually dragged her into water deep enough to float her in the narrow gutter, washed out of the creek by the tide run.

Half an hour later and we were steaming up to try and rescue our poor motor-launch from her resting-place among the willows, taking advantage of the great crowd of men that had gathered. Immediately on arrival, by the dim light of our hurricane lanterns, axe and lever were manfully plied. Some dug her out of the

pile of sand and kelp in which she was imbedded; others cut trees down for a runway, and then all hands, with great trunks for levers and fulcrums, bodily lifted her on to the sloping ways. With much shouting and no little joy, we saw our launch gradually forced down into the advancing tide, and into the reach of our steel wire tow line from the *"Strathcona."* As she lay gripping the bottom with her two widespread bower anchors, at the appropriate moment every ounce of steam was put on the winch, the rope strapped completely round the launch slowly came tight without any damage to her. Then one moment of suspense, and a shout broke the anxious silence that had suddenly fallen upon us all, announcing that this valuable little craft was also ours again.

Our ostensible object in setting out with the steamer had been to bring a load of trees for firewood from the bay that she had been stranded in. It was Saturday morning now, and we were not sure to what extent the vessel's bottom was damaged. The cement below the ballast decks was broken up, showing the thin steel hull was at least badly dented; the decks were badly strained and leaking, but there was no water in the well. Should we go back empty like a whipped dog, or chance getting a deckload and getting back before dark?

Not one dissentient voice. Every man was for a bumper load, and the pace that pile of logs grew on deck did one good, as it testified to the real joy of our humble friends at the turn in our favor the events of the past few days had at last taken. That the logs should be "rail-high" wasn't good enough for us. This was to be no ordinary deck-load. So that when at last, with all the relief boats in tow, the dismantled launch still further behind, and the great crowd obliged now to perch like swallows on the top of the logs all along our deck, I confess I watched the rising wind with no little misgivings. There was no alternative, however, and even while the last log was being taken over the rail, the chains were rattling through the hawse pipes and the steam escaping from the safety valve. "Even a missionary" must hustle in the twentieth century.

There was a mighty uncomfortable roll as we took the sea abeam while rounding the last headland at dark. But it was a "homeward voyage," and we had a presentiment of success. Not an item of the ritual was omitted when at length we entered

once again the harbour we had left a week ago, then little expecting the experiences that had overtaken us. With the steam whistle blowing, with every light that could be pressed into the service, doing its best, and even the flags blowing out bravely into the darkness, we tried to express our feelings to our friends, who were crowding on the wharf to greet us. Home, yes HOME! Not without difficulty—not without opposition—not without fears and doubts—nay, not without both failures and scars—but Home—HOME—for all that!

And, after all, at the bottom of our hearts there were no regrets and no cavilling against the higher power. We had been taught lessons of our limitations. We had felt the infinite joy of using even such poor capabilities as we were endowed with.

Adversity has joys as well as prosperity for those who view things rightly. She had given us a taste of pleasures that the carpet knight can never hope to enjoy. Who would have preferred to have lain in the harbour eating and drinking in idleness all the week, while its moments, so precious before the grip of winter prevents us, were being lost for ever. We had been well taught that if there is a joy in winning, there is a joy also in losing when a good fight has been put up. And again we had come to realize that there is no real joy for the coward or the wastrel. In everyday life, to boys as well as to men, this strange choice comes daily, in matters small and great to play the game as God's children—or to "funk." True manhood and true Godlikeness must come to all men through adversity and loss, so may we ever pray that we may not fear these things, but may learn to interpret them aright.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

A SCHOOL SONG

IT has been my privilege to be an interested observer of the growth and expansion of St. Andrew's College during the eight years of its history. During this time the school has steadily advanced from an insignificant beginning to a position of importance and considerable influence in the community. One of the most pleasing features of this development has been the fact that as new needs have arisen they have been met, and accompanying the increase in numbers there has been an increase in the various activities of school life. And it has occurred to me that as the school has not yet any true school song distinctively its own, a few lines contributed to the REVIEW might awaken interest in this subject, and perhaps stimulate the poetic talents of some unknown poet among the boys, masters, or friends of the college.

There is nothing, I suppose, so good as a song with noble words and a ringing tune for inspiring the heart and evoking memories. Those who have sat around camp fires in the woods know the power of simple and even time-worn melodies; and a good song at a dinner or social gathering often arouses a feeling of kinship and camaraderie that cannot otherwise be evoked. It would mean much to the boys of St. Andrew's College if some one would compose a song that would always be worth singing, a song that would be an inspiration at the present, and would in after years recall the days and friends of boyhood and bring to affectionate memory the old school. If St. Andrew's had such a song it is easy to imagine some fifty years hence how cherished a possession it would be.

For school days are a very definite epoch. Life falls naturally into periods, each distinct in itself. The individual passes from infancy to boyhood, manhood and middle life, and so on through all the seven ages that our great poet graphically depicts. Each of these ages, and especially the period of school life, is distinct and has its own pleasures and troubles. It is unfortunate that Shakespeare should speak of—

> "The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
> And shining, morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school."

—because now-a-days boys do not, I fancy, find school by any means dull and unpleasant. Of course, there will always be some to whom study seems exceedingly irksome, and who chafe under the restraints of school life; but even these will probably in after life look back to school as a place singularly free from care; and they will forget the hard studies and remember only the sports and companionships, and the irrepressible hopes of youth.

Be this as it may, school should be a happy place to all, and, judging from the faces of the vast majority of the boys of S. A. C., they do not find their lessons difficult enough or their masters crabbed enough to damp the freshness and ardour of their life.

This happy period of school days is cut off from childhood and from the greater maturity that follows. It is the great time of preparation; there is a freedom from responsibility; there are present in every normal schoolboy's heart high ambitions and forecasts of the future. It is the time of disinterested friendships and generous rivalries. It is also a time when boys learn the value of success and failure.

Now, all this can hardly be incorporated in one song, but verses could be composed which, while emphasizing some one of these motives, would not leave the others untouched. The central theme might be the pleasures of school friendship or the rivalries of athletics or the ambitions that naturally arise in the pursuit of knowledge. And a school song, while preferably local, need not have special reference to the school to which it belongs, for school life in its general features is the same everywhere.

As an example of a good school song, the following might be quoted—it is the special property of one of the great English Public schools:—

"Forty years on when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play,
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you,
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
Visions of boyhood shall float then before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice:
How will it seem to you forty years on?
Then you will say, not a feverish minute,
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest were we.

Oh, the great days, in the distance enchanted—
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun;
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulders,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to fight out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!''

This song, which has also a rousing chorus, is set to stately music. And if we possessed a song with like words and music we should have something that would create as well as express school spirit.

But our school song need not necessarily be too serious. A truly humorous song would be equally powerful in another way. It would contribute continually to the general good-humor and good-feeling so necessary in the atmosphere of the school, and would probably appeal more readily to the fancy of several generations of school boys. The special song of Toronto University, ''Litoria,'' although entirely humorous, is still sung by old graduates with considerable feeling, and evokes memories of a past already changed.

Or, again, if someone would give us a good hymn, either in English or Latin, with verses appropriate to our special life, how much intensity might be added to the religious life of our school. It is not hard to write Latin verses to scan as English poetry, and perhaps some fifth or sixth form boy might try his hand with the numerous rhymes which the similar terminations of Latin inflections furnish. As an example of a Latin school song, I shall quote one stanza of Winchester's "Dulce Domum":—

Musa! libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura,
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura.
Domum, domum, dulce domum,
Domum, dulce domum, resonemus.

In every way it is most desirable that we should have a school song. It would help to maintain the esprit-de-corps, and would be the expression of the devotion of the boys to the school life and school friends. There has always been a warm feeling of loyalty and affection abroad, but the record of this passes away with each generation of boys. In the early days the warm enthusiasm of the boys seemed extraordinary when the buildings and equipment were often so painfully inadequate. A good song would unite all who have ever been enrolled, and there is by this time plenty of material to work upon in the way of incident and achievement. If a school song were composed in a narrative form any one of numerous striking occurrences in the school history might be selected. If the records of the historians of the Literary Society are all preserved, some excellent themes might be secured from that source.

Now, as to the music. It can hardly be expected that a new tune should be composed at the first, but possibly if the words were forthcoming someone might provide a proper setting. But a new tune is not so desirable as new words, and a perusal of the old "College Song Book" would suggest many stirring tunes that could be adapted.

Meanwhile, the writer begs leave to submit one stanza of a possible song for St. Andrew's. Perhaps some one with more

poetic genius than he has may be able to add half a dozen more in the same metre, *initia semper difficillima*:—

Oh, happy the days that soon pass away,
As we play at our work and work at our play,
We'll always remember
Our dear old college,
And those who have taught us
Our scant store of knowledge;
We'll always remember the work and the play,
When our sons sit here and we are quite gray.

PERCY J. ROBINSON.

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN EYES

I WAS ill; also I was poor. So poor and so ill that I knew not, and cared less, what would become of me when I should be turned from the hospital and left to shift for myself.

I have said before that I was poor. I was also alone in the world. My only living relation was an uncle whom I had never seen. I believe there had been some misunderstanding over a money matter that had estranged him from my people. My father had spoken of him with curses. My mother never mentioned her brother, as far as I can remember. I had often said that I would sooner starve on the street than intrude on my rich relation, and when I said this I believed that I spoke truly. That was before the fever had sapped my strength and will power.

A member of the Philanthropic Society overcame my scruples; against my better judgment I was persuaded to throw myself on a kinsman's generosity instead of becoming a burden on the community. He wrote to my uncle notifying him on what train to expect me, and the Society advanced the price of my railway ticket.

No one met me when I stepped from the train at Staunton Station. A passing farmer was induced by the station master to give me a lift in his sleigh. This man seemed very much surprised when he learned that my destination was Holcombe

Manor. For various reasons I did not inform him of the relationship existing between Mr. Balfour and myself, consequently he felt no compunction about repeating the gossip of the countryside for my edification. It was from him that I heard the awful news that my poor uncle was a madman—perhaps a murderer! How my companion gloated over the sickening details! How he revelled in ghastly descriptions! It was awful! My teeth chattered and the cold perspiration ran down my back when he described the mysterious disappearance, some thirty years before, of my uncle's two children. The shock had turned my uncle's brain, some said, although many of the neighbors had thought him queer before that time. He became violent and was placed in an asylum, from which he was discharged apparently cured a year later. Since then he had lived alone at Holcombe Manor attended only by a foreigner named Jacques. Strange stories began to creep abroad in the countryside about the old house and its eccentric owner. Country people began to shun the vicinity after nightfall. The boldest dared not pass it after dark for fear of the Man With the Green Eyes.

"The Man with the Green Eyes!" The phrase burnt itself into my brain. Faint from my recent illness, exhausted and chilled by my long journey, my numbed brain kept repeating the phrase, "The Man With the Green Eyes," over and over, playing on the set of words as a ringer rings the changes on a set of bells, until I thought I would have lost my reason. Had I had any other place to go, no matter how mean, I would have chosen it in preference to the unknown horrors of the great square stone house that loomed up out of the night.

The young horses driven by my companion had barely caught sight of the house when they swerved violently, trembling and snorting with terror. The farmer, his face ghastly in the moonlight, refused to go any further, and bade me alight. Shivering with weakness and apprehension, I obeyed. He threw out my valise after me, whipped up his shying horses, and turned down the road on a mad gallop.

I stood on the wind-swept porch of Holcombe Manor, and lifted the ponderous knocker of the door. How I started at the vibrant thunders of its summons! Three times I knocked, then the small wicket in the center of the door clicked open, and I saw a face framed in the opening. I had no doubt that this

was the man Jacques. I inquired, merely for form's sake, for Mr. Balfour. He replied that he was sorry, but that it was too late to disturb Mr. Balfour. I explained that I was his master's nephew, and that he probably expected me, as I knew letters had been forwarded advising him of my intention. The man was quite sure Mr. Balfour had said nothing about expecting me. However, induced perhaps by my pitiful plight, he somewhat reluctantly permitted me to enter the great raftered hall. As I stepped across the threshold the shrill scream of a child in agony burst from the darkness beyond! I tried to get a grip on myself. The ground was swaying under my feet; the ceiling was waving up and down distractingly. Jacques suddenly put out his hand to steady me. My God! His hands were bloody! I know I pointed at them and muttered something inarticulate. Then I felt myself pitch heavily forward and knew nothing more.

When I regained consciousness I was lying on a divan in front of a roaring fire. Jacques was moving noiselessly around the room preparing something hot for me to drink . When he saw that I was conscious he came quickly to my side, and quietly but firmly restrained me from rising. "What child was that?" I demanded, hoarsely. He looked curiously at me. "I don't understand, sir," he said. "Why, the child that screamed," I replied. "I didn't hear any," he answered, patiently. "But I tell you there was a child," I insisted. The man looked at me with positive dislike. "Why, sir, my master can't abide a child inside the house; not since—on account of, of those other children, sir." I knew the man was lying, and he knew that I knew. I managed to get a good look at his hands as he moved the candles; he had evidently found time to wash them.

After giving me a cup of steaming coffee, he left the room on some trifling pretext. I lay down and pretended to go to sleep. But I did not sleep; I was watching—and listening. Some words of the countryman who had driven me over kept recurring to me—"The man is as looney as his master." How I wished that I had stayed away, and that I had never consented to seek the hospitality of Holcombe Manor and the Man With the Green Eyes.

It was not long I had to wait. I heard a door softly open and close, and sprang to the window in time to see Jacques running across the stableyard with something white in his arms.

It was a child! The man had been lying to me, as I knew; but with what object?

I began to look about me. The walls of the room were lined with books. From the polished floor to the panelled ceiling thousands of volumes of rare and costly literary treasures were gathered together. Opposite the fireplace hung a huge oil painting of my uncle. I had never seen my uncle, yet I knew it was his portrait. I say that I knew it was his portrait, because the eyes in the picture were green eyes, strange, cold, serpent-like eyes, that sent a shudder of loathing through my body. I dragged a massive chair before the fire and sat down with my back to the picture. I remember the arms of the chair were carved to represent the hawk-headed god Ra. There was also a small tear in the faded tapestry of the upholstery. I decided not to look at the picture. I did not look at the picture. I would not look at it. Yet I felt that those green eyes were watching my every movement—reading my every thought. I am not a coward, yet I could not sit there in front of the fire, knowing that just behind me in the darkness were those awful eyes. Surely Jacques had returned. Mad or not mad, I must find him.

I sprang for the bell-rope. It came away in my hand, rotten. Snatching a candle from the mantelpiece I thrust it into the embers of the grate. Why wouldn't it light? Would I never get it to light? At last the wick caught fire. Holding it in my hand I rushed to the door and out into the passage beyond. A gust of wind swooped down the hallway and snuffed out the candle. For one awful moment I stood in the darkness, hearing nothing but the terrified beating of my own heart. The candle was out, and I dared not return to that horrible room to relight it.

Down long, winding passages I groped my way in the dark, until presently I came up short against a door—a door secured with heavy iron bolts. I ran my hand along the door and undid the fastenings. It swung slowly outward. A damp, cold, earthy smell assailed me. As I stood, hesitating, the slow drip, drip of something on the pavement attracted my attention. The moon had burst suddenly from behind a cloud, and shone through the barred windows of the place. A small patch of moonlight lay just before me, and there, just on its edge, lay a little pool of crimson—slowly congealing as it fell from the darkness above.

With a mighty effort I looked upwards. There was something hanging there, pitifully small and white—and dead. I tried to turn from the accursed spot, but my limbs were paralyzed with horror. I heard a door open somewhere and an awful voice shouting for "Jacques." I screamed aloud in terror. I heard footsteps running in my direction; I tried to bar the door, and for the second time that night I fell unconscious.

Two people were chafing my hands, and pouring brandy down my throat, when I came to. Jacques was one, and the other was The Man With the Green Eyes. But they were not the eyes of the picture. These eyes were the grave, kindly eyes of a gentle old man. As in a dream I heard Jacques relating what he knew of the whole affair. He, it appears, had finished killing and plucking a turkey for next day's dinner, and had just hung it up out of the cat's way when he heard me at the door. He had answered it, and I had nearly frightened him out of his wits by fainting. That was the reason he had left me and driven post haste to the village to try and locate my uncle.

"Poor chap! Poor chap!" the old man kept repeating, "I don't doubt that I shall find the letter he speaks of in my post-bag. You had better make a trip to the post-office to-morrow and get the mail, Jacques."

"Then the child wasn't—" I began, sitting up suddenly, but Jacques looked at me so imploringly, that I stopped short. For I remembered that Jacques had said that my uncle could never abide a child in the house. And Jacques was probably a married man. Therefore, it behoved him to be careful if he wished to hold down his job as servant to The Man With the Green Eyes.—"The Varsity."

THE BRIGHT SPADE

"WHAT a weary, weary world it is," thought the Spade. Then he thought the matter over for the millionth time, and again he came to the same conclusion. But he was not feeling bright on that particular day, and that accounts for this strange view he took of life. He really had no right ever to be dull; for this is not the story of a gardener's shed or

a dusky cellar. He was a Silver Spade and hung on a beautiful wall.

How he came to hang in his high place he did not know. Indeed, he did not try to think, for his was a very lazy life. He did know, though, that he was of great importance, for he was admired by every one who entered the room. Of course, he liked this, and at once became more and more conceited, until he refused so much as to look at the other wall decorations. Later on, though, he grew tired, and took no pleasure in being lifted from the wall. Then he used to pass his time listening to all that went on inside the room. There was always something exciting going on there, it seemed. What extraordinary things he saw! How many queer sounds and noises he could explain; and how many good things began there, he really could not tell! Sometimes he would peep into huge books that lay open on the table, and become enchanted and delighted with the wonderful things therein; though sometimes he was simply horrified. And so the days rolled on, and all were bright to him.

By and by the Spade became tired and uninterested, even in the wonderful works of the room. But, surely, he can not be blamed for this, because, you know, it is in the nature of all spades to throw off all their burdens just as soon as possible.

Directly in front of the Silver Spade, and on the opposite wall, hung a glorious bunch of colors. Soon, indeed before he realized it, all his interests were centered on her. Thus he forgot the great works of the room—yes, even forgot the world. He spent all his time thinking of the beautiful colors. She was such a bright little thing, so slender, tall, and graceful. And when he looked at her she would bow so sweetly, and then would turn away and take only sly glances at him when she knew he was not looking. Soon she came to love the Spade, but, of course, she could not tell him, for that would not be proper; so she just turned her head and refused to look at him. She thought this was the way to love. Then, when he would look at her, he would see her tremble. And all the other decorations saw it, too, and they would frown and silently think something very hard for a long time. So by this the Spade knew she loved him; he was, oh, so glad, and he made up his mind he would love her, too. But, alas! when he tried he found he could not do so, for he had no heart.

For two long, steady weeks now, the Spade tried, and tried

hard, but all in vain, to love a bunch of colors. So he just admired her, for he could not help that. But the poor colors thought he did not care for her, so she looked very sad and drooped her head; and this was more than the Silver Spade could stand. "Give me a heart," he prayed to Providence. And then he would look at his beloved and pray still harder, and again try to love her; but he had no heart. The colors now drooped more than ever, and nearly fell to the floor; she knew she was not loved. The Spade prayed harder than ever before, and waited for a long time. He polished himself and tried to look bright, just to show he admired her. But she only thought he was making love to the electric clock, so drooped her head more and more.

Sometimes the colors looked up and saw the fixed, metallic stare of the Spade (how could it be softer without a heart?), and then she would feel both glad and sad, and say over and over to herself that she would always love him. So she ceased to flirt with the desk telephone; and he, ringing with envy, turned his back and gave "currents" to the receiver every time the colors looked his way. He really was attached to her, you know.

What about the Silver Spade? All this time he had been praying and praying for a heart. He had grown very dull and sad, and never cared now whether he was shiny or not. He wept when no one saw him, and continued to think the world a very weary place. The days slipped on, and lengthened into weeks. "She loves me still," he said, all day, and all night long he cried and prayed. Could all these prayers be fruitless? We shall see.

One bright winter day the owner of the room came in and looked about his walls. "This is Christmas," he said, "and all things must be bright." He removed the colors from the opposite wall, tied them around the Silver Spade, then left the room.

As the colors clung to the Spade, oh, so tightly, in great excitement, he felt a strange thumping inside. He knew then that he had a heart. He breathed a short thanksgiving, then brightened up, and looked at her. "I love you," he said, "so truly"—not aloud, for he had no voice, but with his heart. She, trembling with emotion, more than ever before, responded in like manner. As she clung to him still tighter, she turned both crimson and white at the same time. EDWIN A. BURNS.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH NEPTUNE

THERE remained only two of us, the mate and myself, out of a crew of thirty; nearly mad with hunger and thirst, we lay groaning in our berths in the cabin of the derelict brig "Emerald Isle" on Christmas Day. Suddenly the mate arose and staggered to the deck to, as I thought, get another drink of salt water—a beverage of which he had partaken too freely already. After he had tumbled around for some time on deck, I heard a heavy thud, and, thinking the effort of hauling the bucket up the side had been too much for him, I went on deck to see if I could be of assistance; there, to my surprise, I saw the mate lying still in the scuppers. I went up to him and bent over; he was not dead, but in a deep, delirious sleep.

As I stood there watching him my hunger returned two-fold, and with it a terrible greed and an inhuman desire to make a Christmas dinner of the mate's poor bones. Alas! I yielded to the temptation, and, drawing my knife, with a shaking hand I raised my arm to strike. But God had not willed that I should become a murderer. Even as the blade flashed in the tropical sunlight a mighty power seemed to stay the downward course of my hand, a red mist swam before my eyes, there was a noise like thunder, and then, as if by magic, I found myself in the depths of the sea.

My first thoughts were that the ship had sunk, and that I was drowning, but these musings were dispersed after I had taken a breath of the balmiest air imaginable. In fact, so soothing was its effect that I was fixed in a sort of trance, from which, however, I was soon awakened by a rough push. Looking around, I was amazed to see two sharks arrayed in the gaudy attire of court officials.

"Clear the way for His Majesty's party," said one.

"His Majesty's party?" I replied, in amazement.

"Yes, of course. Don't you know this is Christmas Day, and King Neptune is entertaining all his subjects at dinner? But here comes the procession, so move on!"

I jumped aside just in time, for a vehicle, half boat, half carriage, made of shells matted together with sea weed, and drawn by at least a dozen whales, passed quickly by. In this

carriage, sitting on a downy, big jelly fish—for a cushion—was a little wizened old man, with long white hair, whom I at once recognized as Neptune. Immediately behind the royal carriage, each riding a big flat fish, were Mrs. Neptune and the royal barber, the latter towing a large pair of scissors.

My astonishment reached its highest when, following the court, I beheld a host of men, women, and children, all thin, silent, and ghostly, following one behind another in perfect order. In some places I saw whole families that had been lost at sea—mothers holding babies in their bony arms and old men limping along on crutches. Among the foremost of this mournful procession, I recognized Admiral Kempenfelt, who sank with the "Royal George" at Spithead; close behind him was young Prince Henry of England, who went down with the ill-fated White Ship while crossing from France to England; also many other illustrious persons whom the ocean had long since claimed as its victims. Then came mariners and explorers of all ages, who had never been heard of since the day they set sail. Among these I recognized my father and two brothers, together with the crew of the "Nancy C.," who had been run down by a liner during a fog while fishing on the Newfoundland Banks. My father looked at me through his hollow eyes, and I would fain have approached him, but I was restrained by some mystic power that numbed my limbs whenever I tried to move.

On, on they passed till, last, but not least to me, I saw the captain and crew of my own ship, the "Emerald Isle." As these passed by the same power that had before held me back, now motioned me onward, and I took my place at the last of this mournful procession of the dead.

As we marched on, a slight tremor of the water made me look around. To my horror, I beheld the form of the mate, whom I was about to slay, when death prevented me from adding murder to my long list of crimes.

At last the palace was reached, and the ghostly procession sat down to the festal board. The best of dainties were placed before us, but as every bite touched our lips it was transformed into burning sulphur, which we were forced to swallow. The candles on the table took the form of living scorpions and the flowers of reptiles too loathsome to describe.

When this most unappetizing dinner was over, we were sent away to roam the seas by day and haunt ships by night.

Thus were, are, and will the days be spent—the monotony being broken only by these no less horrible Christmas festivals—until the final Christmas Day, when the sea shall give up its dead.

H. MACKEEN.

FROM HALIFAX TO ROTTERDAM

THE accompanying letter will be of interest to the friends of Eric Grant, who is at present in Heidelberg:

On a gay October morning, a party of seven entrained at the Halifax depot for Yarmouth, looking forward with dread to a trip across the Bay of Fundy, but, strange to say, that large body of water was as unruffled as the face of the eighth man, who joined us at Boston, where we arrived safely and without incident on the following morning at seven-thirty.

Here also we added to our party two young Halifax ladies, making in all a party of ten. After purchasing the required number of tickets, we boarded the train for Fall River. Having arrived there, we took the steamer "Plymouth" for New York, arriving in good time to catch the steamer "Potsdam" of the Holland-America Line, which sailed that day at noon bound for Rotterdam via Boulogne.

Our journey so far had no incidents worthy of note, save the fact that the senior of our party left a goodly part of his wardrobe in Boston, and seemed inclined to blame everybody but himself, which, under the circumstances, was most amusing.

Having viewed New York from the roof of one of the sky-scrapers, and after a hurried look about the street, we took the ferry across the harbour to Hoboken, and had our first look at the liner which was to carry us across the Atlantic. She was commanded by a man named Roggenseen, who, having a bad cold, saw fit to eat raw fish all the way over, which, he said, "was an excellent cure for a cold" (but not for the appetites of those sitting next to him).

We sailed exactly at noon, and as the good ship steamed out of the harbor, had our last look at America. The weather for the first three days was excellent, the water being as smooth

as glass, with the sun shining all the time. It was then we wished we were sailors, but on the fourth day we changed our minds. The wind suddenly came up and increased to a gale, and the waves were running mountains high, which, of course, made the boat pitch and roll considerably. The gale continued for three days, during which time a number of our party didn't think they felt much like eating.

On the fourth day, however, the seas calmed down, and we were now on our sea legs.

We were now seven days out, and the remaining three days which we had left before we were due at Rotterdam passed very enjoyably. We touched at Boulogne on the tenth and last day of our trip by water, arriving there at a quarter to six in the morning. The passengers who debarked there were landed by means of a tug which put out to us. We stayed there only an hour, and then continued on our way to Rotterdam. At a quarter to five in the afternoon we entered the Maas River. The sail up this river was very beautiful, the water being crowded with craft of all descriptions. By six o'clock we had docked at Rotterdam, where all the passengers landed and went their different ways.

For comfort in every respect, I can recommend the boats of the Holland-America Line, one of their strongest points being cleanliness. If Henderson and Potts had the contract for paints, I am sure increased dividends would quickly follow, for they are painting from the day they leave to the day they arrive. A very pleasant feature on board was music, which was appreciated by all, and so it was that the time passed only too quickly. I will start my next letter at Rotterdam, should you find room to publish this—my first attempt as a special correspondent of your highly-rated paper. E. G.

FRENZIED REAL ESTATE

JUST a few days previous to this eventful week, I had terminated a successful deal on the 'Change. The letters inscribed on the glass door leading to my office read: "Geoffrey Lorance, Broker," and during the two years I had spent behind that door I had done very well indeed, my success

being due more to blind luck than anything else. Now, I had determined to take a long vacation from work if this deal came out all right; I needed a respite very much, for after my arduous labors I found that I was far from the robust chap I had been at the close of my college course in football and mathematics. Upon discovering this I did the most natural thing under the circumstances—that is, I consulted a great nerve specialist. This worthy's advice was composed of a brief statement that should I tax my brain and nerves to renewed activities, I should but contribute to the host of premature deaths owing to the overworking of these organs. He practically commanded me to either go into the country itself or to take up my abode in a suburb from which I could make lengthy daily excursions into the rural districts.

I had in my poverty-stricken days while at College experienced the hardships of meting out one's existence on the dear old farm in the capacity of a boarder, so a nice cosy villa in some delightful suburb plus a good housekeeper appealed more to the dominant luxurious side of my nature.

It was, therefore, on this account that I went real-estate-agent-hunting. Have you ever gone real-estate-agent-hunting? If so, you are probably determined that no torture in the worse region beyond the Styx can ever equal that inflicted upon the guileless victim who entrusts himself to the tender mercies of these modern Shylocks. I inserted in two of the newspapers that I was desirous of purchasing a villa in a certain suburb recommended to me by a friend. The following morning, shortly after breakfast, the street in front of my apartments was decorated with five automobiles, each different in color and general workmanship. Five enthusiastic talking-machines made a rush for my door, and in a few moments I was enveloped in a gesticulating mob of agents, each determined to abduct me in his auto. In the midst of the hubbub I noticed out of the corner of my eye three or four more autos heading my way down the street, and I pride myself upon the promptitude and presence of mind with which I acted. Not being able to make myself heard above the howling horde of money-grabbers, I invited them with a sweep of my arm to come inside and sit down. After half-an-hour or so I managed to soothe their excited volubility by shouting in a voice which I am sure could be heard above the

crash of a dynamite explosion, that if they did not keep quiet and be good little boys I should dismiss them all and haul in the tardy fellow who could be heard madly ringing the bell, in preference to them all. During the babel a thought had struck me which I consider one of the brainiest ever turned out by my slow-working gray-matter: I should make them draw lots to decide which vulture would swoop down upon my unprotected head.

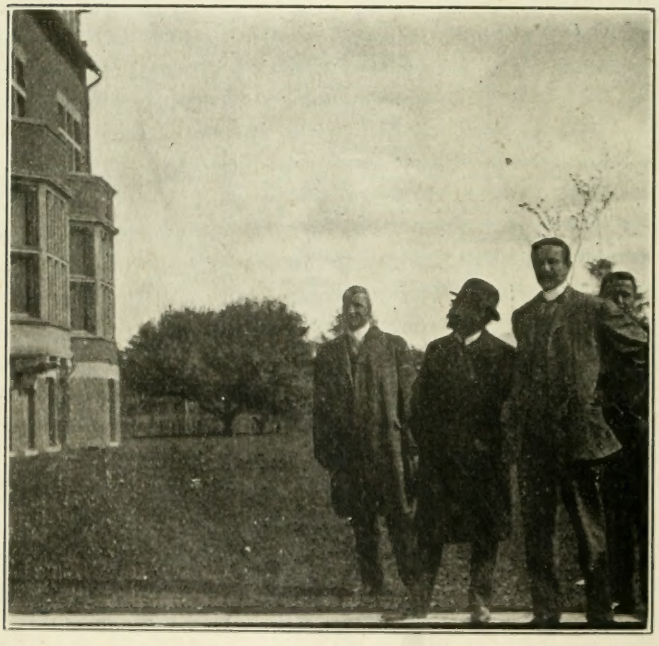
I shall burden you no further with the next few occurrences. Suffice it to say, that a young, good-looking creature of the genus homo was my lucky abductor. We were soon in his splendid car on a white ribbon of road, leaving the over-heated city, with its worries and ambitious real-estate agents far behind.

After about a forty-five minutes' spin the suburb hove in sight, and a very pretty bit of scenery it made, with its terraced villas and broad, paved streets, bordered by maple trees very plentiful in foliage. We raced up the main thoroughfare and slackened speed but one notch to turn a sharp corner, when my attention, which had been wandering to the rather pretty houses we were passing, was again drawn to the road by a startled exclamation from my chauffeur-agent. Imagine my horror when I found about twenty yards ahead of us a stately touring car driven by a young woman, who was evidently just learning the art of steering, bearing down on us at a speed about equal to our own. My companion jammed on the brakes, but could not completely avert a collision, for the woman seemed to have lost control of her car. There was a crash; then entire blankness.

If you have ever experienced the delightful sensations which accompany the return to consciousness after having lived in a realm where void and chaos are the chief characteristics, you are able to sympathize with me as I opened my eyes two days after the disastrous auto ride. My head felt like a shapeless mass of dough, and an arm encased in splints sent weird telegraph messages to my brain. The first sight which met my feeble gaze was the young woman who had caused the collision. She was sitting by the bedside gently crying and mixing some drink for wretched me. My first impulse was one of anger, but when she turned I saw how much she had suffered, for her beautiful face was grief-stricken. My rage turned to sympathy—yes, perhaps compassion—or even some deeper feeling.

Now, you have, in all probability, read the tale from this stage on in many a romance greater than this, so I shall not cause you to turn from the familiar words in contempt for the humble author. Enough to state that I purchased a very pretty villa in this most perfect suburb from my fortunate chauffeur-agent, who was only slightly bruised by the accident, and I am now enthusiastic over a new auto. However, I am very careful how I turn sharp corners, for I am usually accompanied by another enthusiast, who has since learned to steer, and who also shares my villa domain.

M'FARLAND.



Athletics.

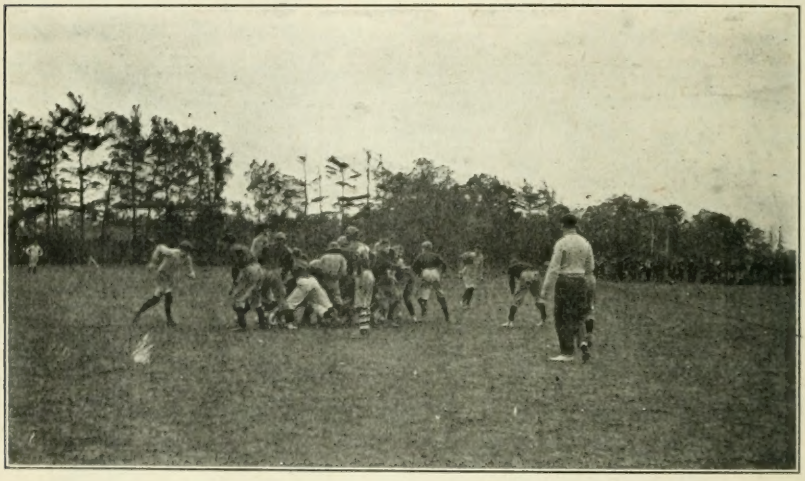
RUGBY

ST. ANDREWS COLLEGE played their first game in the Big Four League on the 19th of October, at the College grounds, with Ridley as their opponents. As this was the first match played on our own grounds, the former ones having taken place in the Rosedale Athletic Field, we had a double interest in defeating Ridley. The game was fast and clean, and resulted in a glorious victory for the crimson and white, which fully retrieved for the disasters of the two previous years. The great superiority of S. A. C. lay in the back division, while Ridley excelled in tackling.

The day was rather unfavorable for Rugby, there being a heavy north-east wind, which made catching very difficult. The game was scheduled to commence at 10.45, but as the train was an hour and a quarter late it was not until a quarter past twelve that the tally-ho containing the Ridley boys arrived at the College. During this time the boys had been amusing themselves with an impromptu dance, much to the delight of the girls who were present. As B. R. C. did not have to change their suits, they were soon on the field, and were followed a minute later by the College team, which was greeted with prolonged cheers by their loyal supporters. After a few minutes' preliminary practice, Referee Jack Lash called the teams together and gave them the customary advice. When they lined up for the kick-off it was seen that S. A. C. had a heavier team than Ridley, who had lost a great many of their last year's championship team. College were unfortunate in losing the services of Crawford, probably the best outside wing in the league, on account of an injured ankle, but his place was ably filled by Norris, who played a splendid game.

S. A. C. won the toss and elected to defend the northern goal and to take advantage of the slight slope of the field. Hope kicked to Wynstanley, who punted down the field to Maxwell, who, in endeavoring to run back the kick, was downed on his

own 30-yard line. Ridley were held here for two downs, and then kicked, S. A. C. securing the ball at mid-field. On the first down Wynstanley's kick was blocked, and Ridley secured the ball, working it up to S. A. C.'s 40-yard line by excellent football. Here Maxwell's kick was caught by Wynstanley, who relieved the situation by a sensational run of seventy yards, passing tackle after tackle, and finally being downed on B. R. C.'s 15-yard line. A minute later, on a kick, he drew first blood, when Lee was forced to rouge. College continued rushing matters, and soon, aided by Bollard's fine run, secured a touch-in-goal, Wynstanley again being responsible for the score. Max-



well's quarter-way drop was handled by Wynstanley, who returned the ball to Ridley's 5-yard line. Here Wilson muffed, and Bollard, who had followed up very fast, secured it and romped over for S. A. C.'s first try. Wynstanley, on a hard chance, failed to convert the goal. Before the end of the quarter College scored two more points on a touch-in-goal by Wynstanley. The score at the finish stood 10 to 0 for St. Andrew.

The second quarter brought into play the running power of the half-backs, which had not been resorted to in the first quarter, as kicking was more advantageous. The College back division soon evinced their superiority over that of Ridley, and for the first ten minutes literally swept them off their feet.

From their own 30-yard line, by Ramsey's two twenty-five yard runs and the combination of the back division, they worked the ball up to B. R. C.'s 25-yard line, only to lose it on an offside. Here Maxwell saved the situation by a beautiful punt to the half-way line. College soon had it back, however, and several times were in close proximity to the Ridley goal, hard luck alone preventing a touch-down. All they got for this great effort was a dead-line. After this score Ridley took a decided brace, and soon had the ball in College territory, due mainly to Maxwell's kicking and Lee's running. Twice he kicked the ball over the line, but Bollard relieved both times by neat runs. At last, however, Ridley secured the ball on the 10-yard line, and on the third down succeeded in bucking Maxwell over for a try, which Lee failed to convert. For the remaining two minutes of play College rushed matters, but were unable to score. The whistle blew for half-time, with the score standing 11 to 5 for S. A. C.

From the kick-off Ridley, on a combination play, advanced the ball to S. A. C.'s 30-yard line. Lee's end-run brought them to the 20-yard line, and from here in a short time Maxwell kicked over the line, and College were forced to rouge. They now steadied down, however, and, combining a kicking with a running game, soon had the ball in Ridley territory. On the next down Maxwell's kick was blocked, and Hastings secured the ball, running to Ridley's 15-yard line before being tackled. Wynstanley then commenced the scoring for the Saints by dropping a neat goal from the field. Play was even for a few minutes, until Bronson broke the monotony by making a beautiful 65-yard run. He was tackled on Ridley's 5-yard line, and failed to pass accurately to Bollard, who had followed him down, but who recovered the ball nicely and scored S. A. C.'s second try, which Wynstanley converted. A minute later Maxwell's kick was muffed by the College backs, and Ridley obtained possession of the ball on S. A. C's 25-yard line. For several minutes they worked hard for a score, and were finally rewarded by a try, which was scored on an end-run. Lee failed to convert an easy goal. College came back quickly. Wynstanley kicked over the line, but Wilson ran out to the 10-yard mark, where he was tackled. On the third down Ridley lost the ball, and College, after three good bucks, succeeded in shoving Wynstanley over

for a converted try. There was no further scoring in the third quarter, and when the teams changed ends College led by a score of 27 to 11.

In the last quarter, although Ridley had the wind, for the first few minutes College had the advantage of the play, owing again to the excellent combination work of the half-line, but soon condition told, and Ridley assumed the aggressive. It was here that the College wing line played their strongest defence game. Ridley seemed unable to gain by bucking, and Maxwell's kicks were all handled successfully by the College halves. Hope, Bollard, and several others were laid out, owing to their condition, and Bollard was forced to retire. Ridley continued their strong game, but were unable to score, and the last quarter ended without any further addition to the score. College were very much elated over their victory, as this was Ridley's first defeat in three years.

For College, everybody played a great game, especially the back division, which is one of the strongest we ever had, Wynstanley's kicking and Bollard's following-up being of an exceptional kind. Bronson and Ramsey also made some excellent runs, and were of great assistance in the half-back runs, and Ramsey also deserves great credit for the way in which he handled himself in his first league match. Grass also played a heady game at quarter, and his tackling was excellent. On the wing line, everybody was prominent, Captain Hope especially making some good bucks.

Ridley's main strength lay in tackling and kicking, Maxwell starring in the latter. Lee's running was also very good. The wing line were light, but played a good game, although they had great difficulty in holding the College wings.

The line-up:

S. A. C.: Full, Bollard; left half, Bronson; center half, Wynstanley; right half, Ramsey; quarter, Grass; scrimmage, Phillips, Miller, McFarlane; wings, Norris, Hastings, McAvity, Waterous, Eberts, Hope (captain).

B. R. C.: Full, Wilson; left half, Lee (captain); centre half, Maxwell; right half, Hadd; quarter, Christie; scrimmage, Bayletts, Taylor, Grasset; wings, Gordon, Ehiri, Barlow, Scandrett, McLay, McLean.

Umpire—Sherwood.

Referee—Jack Lash.

S.A.C. v. U.C.C.

WELL! It's the same old story in the same old way! For the third year in succession the REVIEW has had the pleasure of recounting a victory over the white and the blue. This year's match, as the score, 15 to 14, indicates, was probably the most exciting game ever witnessed in the Big Four League. S. A. C. seemed to have it well in hand at the end of the third quarter, but U. C. C. took an unexpected brace, and, although held off from scoring by St. Andrew's great defence work until ten seconds before time, they were almost enabled to tie the Saints by getting over for a try, which, to the great relief of the crimson and white supporters, was not converted. It was a brilliant victory for S. A. C., which they fully deserved, as their tackling and kicking were superior to U. C. C.'s, and were mainly responsible for the downfall of the blue. The boys were very much elated over their win, and they also deserve considerable credit for the assistance rendered to the team in the manner of College yells, which were always given with great enthusiasm.

The day was favorable for Rugby, although slightly hot, but this in no way interfered with the attendance, which was very good, and among whom were a much larger number of the fair sex than on previous occasions. At about a quarter to eleven a tally-ho was seen coming up Avenue Road, and all the S. A. C. supporters flocked down to the gate to give their team a proper reception, but, alas! they found that a mistake had been made, and that this particular tally-ho contained the Old Boys' Association. They were, however, cheered lustily as they passed through the gates. Soon after, the right tally-ho came up, and the team was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from their loyal supporters, which in a great measure did away with any nervousness.

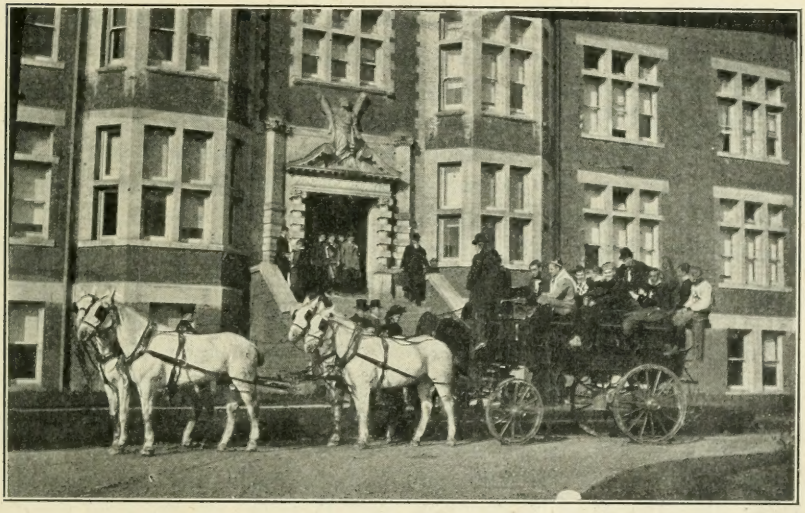
As the team entered the field a lively exchange of yells took place between the two Colleges, and when Referee Hewitt called the players together at a quarter after eleven he was faced by two very determined teams.

S. A. C. won the toss, but the only advantage gained was in having the sun at their b[illegible]ks. U. C. C.'s kick was well handled by Wynstanley, who ran [illegible] ball back to the 40-yard line. On

the second down, Upper Canada were offside, and Wynstanley punted to Madden, who was tackled on his own 40-yard line. U. C. C. were given a free kick on St. Andrew's offside, and De Gruchy's punt was fumbled by Bronson, the boys in blue securing the ball on the 25-yard line. On the next down Madden made a very pretty run around right end for a touch-down, which was not converted. S. A. C. had seemed rather nervous, so far, but this steadied them down, and Madden was downed at U. C. C.'s quarter way by good following-up of Montana's punt. College (S.A.C.) got the ball on an offside, but failed to gain anything on the first two downs. Wynstanley's kick was then blocked, and U. C. C. obtained possession of the ball on their 10-yard line. They now bucked up and advanced the ball 15 yards by half-back runs. S. A. C. held them here for two downs, and then De Gruchy punted to centre, Wynstanley running back 10 yards before being downed. McAvity was now given a try and made a very pretty buck through U. C. C. for 15 yards. A minute later Bollard skirted the left end for the same distance on a long pass. College now tried hard for a touch-down, but could not gain, so on the third down Wynstanley kicked over the line, and Smith forced Madden to rouge. S. A. C. got possession of the ball at half-way, and then were given a free kick on U. C. C.'s offside. Madden fumbled the ball and St. Andrew had it at the 30-yard line. Wynstanley's try for a goal was blocked, and S. A. C. were offside. U. C. C. took a scrimmage, but lost the ball on an offside. On College's third down Ramsey gained yards by an end-run. They now rushed the game, and soon, by a strenuous buck, they placed themselves on U. C. C.'s yard line. From here it was an easy matter to put S. A. C. in the lead by pushing Wynstanley over for a try, which he converted. College secured the ball on the kick-off and returned it to the 35-yard line. Wynstanley booted on the third down to Madden, who made his mark. College lost the ball on a fumble, and U. C. C. had it at the 40-yard line. De Gruchy made a poor kick, which went into touch at S. A. C.'s quarter-way. Wynstanley punted on first down, and De Gruchy was tackled at mid-field. The whistle now blew for quarter-time, with the score 7 to 5 for St. Andrew.

On changing ends Hope kicked off to Wynstanley, whose punt was returned to half-way on a pretty run by Mulqueen,

but Smith stole the ball. On the second down Eberts broke through the U. C. C. line for seven yards, but was laid out for three minutes. Wynstanley then kicked, and Madden was downed on his 25-yard line. De Gruchy punted to College 40-yard line, and Montana ran back 25 yards before being downed. The crimson and white were working very hard now, and succeeded in gaining their yards. They lost, however, seven yards on an end run by poor passing, but Wynstanley recovered the ball. U. C. C. were a little too anxious, and got offside, and owing to good following-up S. A. C. secured the leather on the 15-yard



line. They now worked harder than ever, and U. C. C. were only saved by an offside on their 5-yard line. They were held for two downs, and then another offside gave them a kick. Ramsey was downed on the 40-yard line, when running back De Gruchy's punt. On the third down Wynstanley, by a very fine punt, scored another point when U. C. C. were forced to rouge. Bronson returned the drop, and Upper Canada were downed on the 30-yard mark. After gaining their yards U. C. C. were forced to kick, and Bollard ran the punt into touch at the 30-yard line. College now tried a triple criss-cross, and succeeded in gaining over 30 yards, Ramsey being most responsible for the run. They were then forced to kick, and on the return

of the punt Bollard was tackled on U. C. C.'s 25-yard line. S. A. C. lost the ball on downs, and U. C. C. got away with a nice combination run, which ended when Bollard tackled Mulqueen at the 45-yard line. On an exchange of punts S. A. C. lost 10 yards, as Bollard was tackled at half-way, when returning a kick. Here, by good, hard work, and aided by Wynstanley's fine run, College got the ball up to U. C. C.'s 10-yard line. Upper Canada relieved by a kick, but S. A. C. again became dangerous, when Bollard and Bronson gained 25 yards on an end-run. Half-time, however, came to the relief of U. C. C. before anything happened, thus leaving the score 8 to 5 for the Saints. S. A. C. undoubtedly played better football in this half and deserved more points than they got.

On the kick-off, De Gruchy by a fake kick and splendid end-run advanced the ball to S. A. C.'s 25-yard line, and on the third down kicked over the dead line for the first score in the second half. S. A. C.'s wings followed up Wynstanley's drop very quickly, with the result that U. C. C. were tackled on the 40-yard line. They were held here for two downs, and then kicked, Bollard being downed on his own 10-yard line by the fast following-up of U. C. C. wings. On the second down Wynstanley punted to Madden, who muffed the ball and was tackled on the 40-yard line. U. C. C. made no gain on the first two downs, and on the third, in attempting an end-run, De Gruchy made a bad pass, which escaped Mulqueen. However, they recovered the ball at half-way. McFarlane here spoiled their plans by stealing the ball, and Ramsey, on the first down, gained 10 yards, through middle wing, and then Wynstanley kicked. De Gruchy caught the ball, but in attempting a combination run he made a poor pass, which Mulqueen failed to get, and Waterous, who had followed down quickly, secured the ball and ran to U. C. C.'s 5-yard line before being downed. Wynstanley was then bucked over for S. A. C.'s second try, which he failed to convert. U. C. C. lost on a fake kick-off, and soon afterwards De Gruchy's kick was blocked, S. A. C. securing the ball. De Gruchy was laid out in the scrimmage for over 10 minutes owing to an injured ankle, but was able to continue. Wynstanley punted, and because of Bollard's fast following-up Madden was downed on the 25-yard line. Waterous stole the ball, but College were held on downs. De Gruchy punted to

Wynstanley, and Madden, on return of the kick, was nailed by Bollard at the 15-yard line. Owing to Smith's good tackling U. C. C. failed to gain anything, and De Gruchy kicked to half-way. S. A. C. fumbled, but Hope, by beautiful dribbling, returned the ball to U. C. C.'s 20-yard line. From here, on the second down, Wynstanley booted the ball for a dead-line. On return of De Gruchy's drop U. C. C. were downed on the 15-yard line. S. A. C. gained 5 yards on an exchange of punts, and their opponents had the ball on their 10-yard line when the whistle for quarter-time again saved them, as they were being played off their feet. The score now stood 14 to 6 for S. A. C.

At the commencement of the final quarter S. A. C. assumed the aggressive. Wynstanley gained 5 yards on a fake kick, and then Ramsey broke through the blue line for a gain of 20 yards. Wynstanley then kicked to the line, but De Gruchy relieved with a fine punt, and S. A. C. were downed on the 35-yard line. A minute later College punted over the line, U. C. C. being forced to rouge. De Gruchy's drop was caught by Bronson, who while making an end-run passed forward to Bollard, and it was U. C. C.'s free kick at the 40-yard line. Wynstanley caught the ball and ran back several yards before being tackled. U. C. C. then got the ball for offside interference, and De Gruchy punted over the line, but Bollard, by very fast running, got out as far as the 25-yard line, where he was downed. Then U.C.C. were given the ball again for offside interference, and on the first down Madden ran into touch at the 20-yard line. Upper Canada were again given a free kick on an offside, and De Gruchy made a pretty drop, which just fell over the bar. On the return of the drop U. C. C. by a pretty half-back run got as far as the 30-yard line. S. A. C. forced the ball back, but U. C. C. replied quickly, and the ball was soon on the 20-yard line. Here, however, in attempting a run, another poor pass got away from Madden, who finally recovered it. Mulqueen was now given a try, but failed to gain anything, and De Gruchy's kick was fumbled by Bronson, who, however, recovered it at the 20-yard line. S. A. C. were offside, and on the third down U. C. C. scored a dead-line on De Gruchy's punt. Madden ran back the drop to the 40-yard line, but S. A. C. stole the ball, and making a determined effort, were soon at half-way. Here U.C.C. commenced to play a strong game, and got back to the 40-yard

line. It was now very close to time, and the excitement was intense. With 20 seconds to play, De Gruchy kicked to the 20-yard line, and one of their wing men followed down, secured the ball, and then fumbled it, but Gwynne picked it up, and, with a clear field, had no difficulty in scoring a try. Excitement was now at fever heat, although the goal kick was almost in an impossible position. When it failed a great shout of joy broke from the S. A. C. supporters, as with only 10 seconds to play it was impossible for U. C. C. to score. After the game some of the players were carried off the field, and everybody wearing the glorious crimson and white felt extremely happy.

For S. A. C., Wynstanley and Bollard starred, while for U. C. C. De Gruchy was the most prominent. The teams:

S. A. C. (15): Full, Bollard; halves, Bronson, Wynstanley, Ramsey; quarter, Grass; scrimmage, Phillips, McFarlane, Miller; wings, Eberts, Hope (captain), Waterous, McAvity, Smith I., Norris.

U. C. C. (14): Full, Hebden; halves, Mulqueen, De Gruchy, Madden; quarter, Gwynne; scrimmage, Brown, Young, Langley; wings, Gallagher, Goldie, Kilgour, Saunders, Arnoldy, Dawson.

S.A.C. v. T.C.S.

THE final game of the season, as far as St. Andrew's were concerned, took place on the 9th of November, when T. C. S. came here to endeavor to spoil our championship aspirations, but in this they were very much disappointed, as the game resulted in an overwhelming victory for S. A. C. by the score of 51 to 22. This game gave us our much-coveted championship, for which the team had been working so hard all year. T. C. S. came up with a very determined and confident team, but they were never in it. The College fourteen showed great superiority in all departments, and at several stages of the game had them completely at their mercy. There was great rejoicing among the College supporters after the game, and the players were carried off the field.

The day was rather unfavorable for Rugby, as a strong wind was blowing, which gave a big advantage to those defending

the southern end, but this in no way dampened the ardor of the team, who were in the best of spirits, and, although expecting a hard game, seemed to have no doubt as to their ability to win.

St. Andrew's were the first to appear, and after a few minutes' practice they assembled in the centre of the field and gave three rousing cheers for His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, on the occasion of his birthday. T. C. S. came out at about a quarter past eleven. They were a heavy aggregation, and at first sight looked dangerous, but, as the game proved, they lacked training and condition. They were soon ready, and it was at half-past eleven that Referee Hewitt called the players together and gave them the customary lecture before tossing up the fatal coin.

S. A. C. were again the lucky ones, and naturally chose to kick with the wind. On the kick-off T. C. S. endeavored to gain on a criss-cross, but they fumbled the ball, and S. A. C. secured possession. T. C. S. then got offside, and McFarlane, by fast following-up, got Wynstanley's kick on the 30-yard line, when T. C. S. muffed. S. A. C. did not take long to score, as on the next down an offside gave them a free kick, and Wynstanley's punt rolled over the dead line. College now rushed matters, and soon Grass' 25-yard run put them close to T. C. S.'s line. From here by three determined bucks they put Wynstanley over for a try, which he converted nicely. T. C. S. braced up for a minute, but soon Wynstanley broke away for a run of 45 yards, which again placed the ball near the goal line. Then Wynstanley punted over the line, and Ramsey, who had followed up on side, fell on the ball for S. A. C.'s second try, before the T. C. S. halves, who had misjudged it, were able to recover themselves. This one, from a difficult angle, Wynstanley failed to convert. T. C. S. kept the ball on the kick-off, but were then forced to kick. Wynstanley, in running back the punt, was downed on the 20-yard line. Here College lost the ball for offside interference, and on the first down T. C. S. made a half-back run of 15 yards. They now used their weight to advantage, and on the third down Drummond was bucked over for an unconverted try. After this the play continued evenly for a few minutes, but soon S. A. C. began to rush T. C. S. back, and from the 20-yard line Grass, on a very pretty fake end-run, went over for another touch-down. On the kick-off T. C. S. started

well by getting away for a 30-yard run, but S. A. C. got the ball on an offside. Wynstanley's ankle was hurt here, when making an end-run, but he pluckily continued playing. College soon had T. C. S. again on the defensive, and Ramsey punted over the line, Pinkham being forced to rouge. They seemed to be helpless now, and on Ramsey's fine return of the drop they muffed behind the line, and Miller fell on the ball for the fourth touch-down. As there was only about half a minute to play College were unable to make any further addition to their score, and the quarter ended with the score 23 to 5 for S. A. C.

T. C. S. now had the wind, and their supporters confidently expected them to roll up a large score on the Saints. But this was not to be. S. A. C. played an admirable defence game, and T. C. S., finding that they could make no substantial gains by running or bucking, resorted to the kicking game, with considerably more success. Within three minutes of this change Wyssman had punted across the College line for two rouges. Wynstanley's ankle here forced him to retire from the game, and Ramsey was moved to centre-half, Bronson replacing the latter at right. With Wynstanley off, for a minute the team seemed demoralized, and T. C. S. rushed matters. S. A. C. soon bucked up, however, and T. C. S. were forced to be content with another dead-line. From the return of the quarter-way drop, College commenced to overrun the red and black. Ramsey's great punting gained ground even against the wind, and the running of the half-back line netted large gains. T. C. S. tried desperately to stop the St. Andrew line, but they were unable to, and were soon defending themselves at the 20-yard line. Here they held College for two downs, but on the third Bollard, following up Ramsey's well-placed punt on-side, caught the ball before the T. C. S. backs could reach it and romped over for another try, which Hope did not convert. S. A. C. continued to press from the kick-off, Bollard going around the end for 30 yards, but Campbell here stopped their onslaught by stealing the ball. T. C. S. kicked and Bollard ran the ball back 40 yards. The whistle now blew for half-time, leaving the Saints in the lead by 28 to 8.

By a criss-cross play, S. A. C., at the commencement of the second half, advanced the ball to the 40-yard line. Ramsey gained 10 yards on an exchange of punts, and on the next down

kicked over the line, T. C. S. being forced to rouge. S. A. C. continued to outplay their opponents, but just as a score seemed imminent T. C. S. gained 25 yards on fast following-up of a punt. College, however, put forth a determined effort, and were soon rewarded by a touch-down on a buck led by Ramsey, which Hope converted. S. A. C. evidently did not think they had scored enough, and so set to work harder, with the result that by a combined half-back run of 35 yards they added one more to the long roll of touches. After this score T. C. S. partly retrieved themselves for the disaster by gaining 50 yards on two end-runs, and finally by bucking over for a try, which was successfully converted. From here to the end of the quarter play was more even, and, although the T. C. S. goal was in danger several times, they were saved either by an offside or by the good running and kicking of their backs. It was practically only in this period that T. C. S. showed any real form at all, as at other stages of the game they were completely outplayed. The score at the end of the quarter stood 40 to 15 for the Saints.

Grass started off the final quarter for S. A. C. by making a 30-yard run, but T. C. S. stole the ball, and, punting with the wind, made big gains, until from the 40-yard mark they punted over the line, and Crawford was forced to rouge. This score may be directly attributed to the bad judgment of the College halves in playing too far forward and not allowing enough for the wind. Hope, on a fake quarter-way drop, gained 10 yards and then Bollard contributed a 25-yard run around the end. Bronson and Crawford were now used to advantage, and Grass, from the 30-yard line, again brought himself into prominence by encircling the right end for a touch-down, which Hope did not convert. T. C. S. got the ball at the kick-off, and then punted into touch at the 20-yard line, but the play was soon at midfield, owing to Ramsey's 35-yard run. He then kicked a splendid punt, and T. C. S. were downed on their 10-yard line. They kicked, and Ramsey was tackled at the 30-yard mark. College tried an end-run, but a poor pass got away from Bollard, and T. C. S. ran to the 50-yard line before being downed. They gained their yards twice, and then by a very fine punt forced Crawford to rouge. S. A. C. made a fake quarter run, but lost the ball on the 15-yard line. T. C. S. by

three good bucks gained their yards, but College braced up and got the ball on downs. Bronson and Grass gained 15 yards on an end-run, but T. C. S. again stole the ball. From here, on a combination run, T. C. S. made their final score by going over for an unconverted try. S. A. C. retained the ball on the kick, and almost before the people watching the game could realize it Bollard made an exceptionally fine run around the left end for a touch-down. This was by far the best run of the game, as he evaded numerous tackles with great skill. Hope made a fine convert, and the score was now past the 50 mark. S. A. C. now seemed to consider they had scored enough, and were content to hold T. C. S. in check by good defence work. The game ended soon after this, with the score of 51 to 22, probably a record, 73 points to a game.

For S. A. C., Bollard was the most conspicuous, and Ramsey and Grass also starred, while, for T. C. S., Campbell was the star, while Drummond was the best on the line.

The teams:

S. A. C. (51): Full, Bollard; halves, Crawford, Wynstanley, (Bronson), Ramsey; quarter, Grass; scrimmage, Miller, McFarlane, Phillips; wings, Smith, Norris, McAvity, Hope, Eberts, Waterous.

T. C. S. (22): Full, Manyard; halves, Wyssman, Pinkham, McNeil; quarter, Campbell; scrimmage, Greer, Waters, Harris; wings, Edmiston, Drummond, Rose, Ried, Wilkes, and Hay.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

BOLLARD, F. B.—Played on last year's team. A good tackler and fine runner. Made many good runs during the season.

RAMSEY, R. H.—A graduate of last year's second team. A good catch and is a hard man to bring down.

WINSTANLEY, C. H.—Played right half last year. A good punter and a sure catch. Used his head well through the season. A very hard man to bring down.

BRONSON, L. H.—Played on the first team two years ago. Very fast, but inclined to loaf in practising.

CRAWFORD.—Played outside wing last year. Was hurt at the beginning of the season and could not play till the T. C. S. game, when he played left half. One of the best tacklers that ever came to the school. A good punter and the fastest man on the first team.

GRASS, Q.—Played on the half line of last year's seconds. An excellent quarter. Used his head well at all times, particularly in the T. C. S. game.

MCFARLAND, C. S.—Played on last year's seconds until prevented on account of injury. Got the ball out well and was very fast at following up.

MILLER, R. S.—Played the same position on last year's seconds. Played his position well. Worked well during the practices.

PHILLIPS, L. S.—A very strong and heavy man. Held his man well and used his strength to advantage on the aggressive.

MCAVITY, L. I.—Played on last year's third team. Worked well both in practice and in the games. Lacked experience at the first of the year, but turned out well.

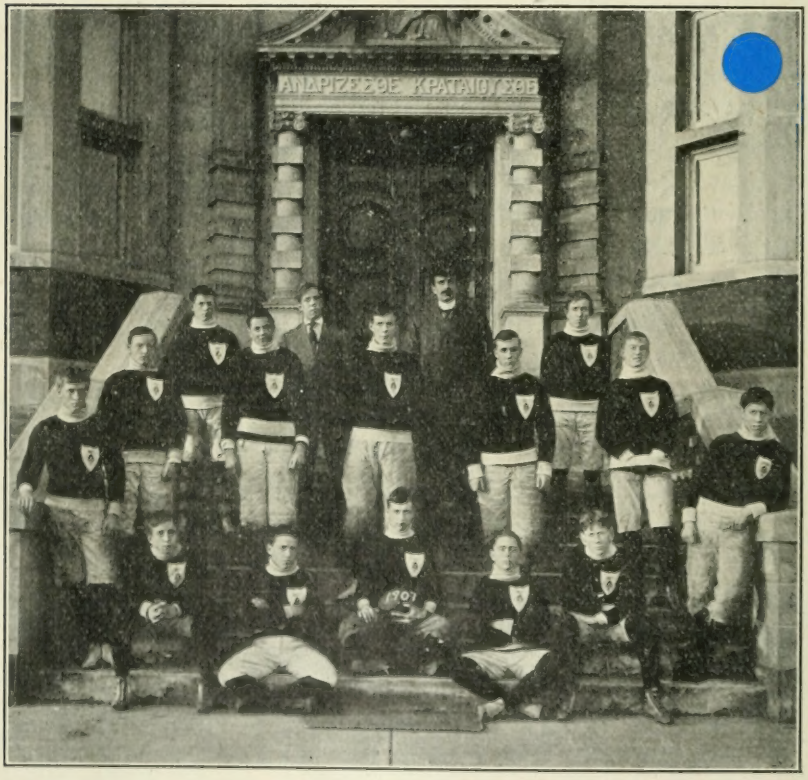
WATEROUS, R. I.—A new boy. Played football in the States for the last two years. Held his man well and worked hard.

EBERTS, R. M.—Played in the scrimmage of last year's first team. Worked hard at all times. Held his man, and when used in wing bucks generally made his yards.

NORRIS, R. O.—Played middle wing on last year's seconds. A sure tackler, and hits a man hard. Lacked speed. Played his place well.

SMITH, L. O.—Played on last year's seconds. Was spare to the first team last year. Had lots of speed and tackled well.

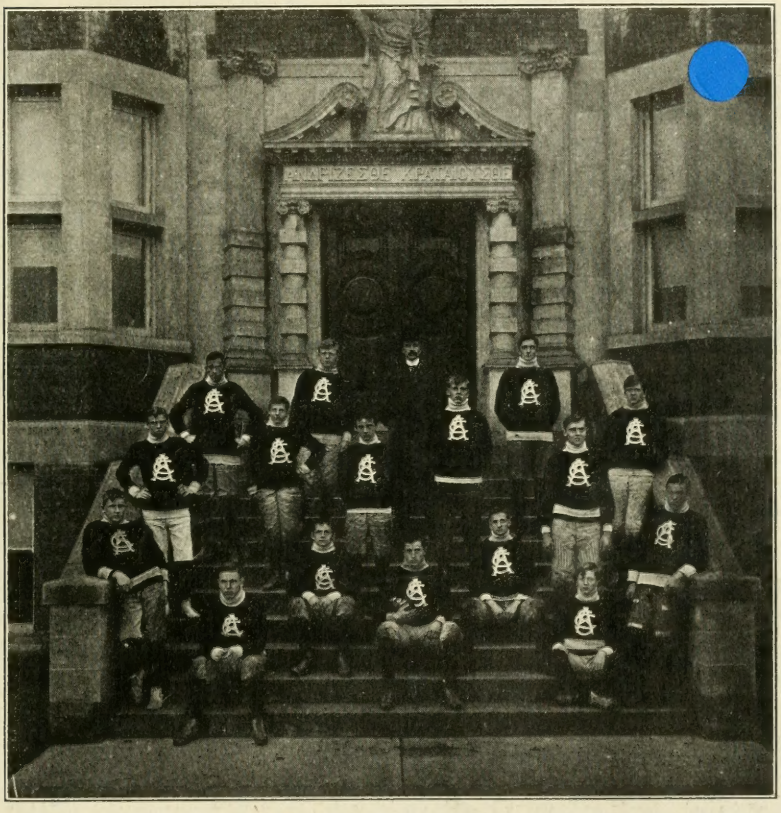
HOPE, L. M.—Captain, and an old color from last year's team. A good, hard, steady worker. Excellent man to lead wing bucks. Lacks speed, but tackles very hard, and follows up well on kicks. Gave good encouragement to his team, and worked hard from the beginning of the season to the end. Deserves a great deal of credit for the team's success. Used his head well in every game.



SECOND TEAM

THE football season of 1907, taken as a whole, has been quite successful for the second team, as out of three games played two were won and one lost.

The first game was played in Hamilton against Highfield, and in this S. A. C. was victorious, winning by the score of 11—1.



At half-time the score was 1—0 in favor of Highfield, but in the second half S. A. C. woke up and scored a dead-line and two touch-downs, making the score 11—1 in our favor.

The next game to be played was the return with Highfield, and here again S. A. C. came out ahead by the score of 25—11.

At last the time arrived for the U. C. C. game, but S. A. C.

was doomed to disappointment, as U. C. C. was too strong for her. The score at full time was 10—10, and so it was decided to play ten minutes extra. U. C. C. made good use of this, and scored seven points, making the score 17—10 in their favor.

Two extra colors were granted, Corbould receiving one on account of the number of games he played, and Osborne receiving the other on account of having played nearly all the season with the team. The line-up was:

Full back, Ellis; halves, Munroe, Parsons, Kilgour II. (Corbould); quarter, Davison II.; scrimmage, Bell, Harcourt, Crowe (Oborne); inside wings, Johnson I., Davison I. (captain); middle wings, Hastings I., and Bowman I.; outside wings, Angstrom and Firstbrooke.

E. S. D.

JUNIOR HOUSE RUGBY

THE Junior House Rugby team has had a very successful season, having lost but two matches. Our first game, with the "Junior Models," was won with a score of 33—0. In the return game we again defeated our opponents, 9—0. Our next game was with "Harbord," who defeated us 35—20. They had a great advantage in age and weight. "The Delials," seeing that we were worthy of a game, next challenged us. We defeated them 21—0. Then the "Iroquois" visited us, and we outclassed them, winning by a score of 17—1. Upper Canada Prep. next played us on their own grounds. They completely outplayed us, winning by a large score. "Junior Tigers" played us two games, in both of which our team excelled itself, winning by 20—0 and 31—0. The last match of the season was an exhibition game between ourselves and the "Gloucesters." We won 7—5.

The following boys won their colors: Goodman, Munro II. (captain), Sutherland II., Carmichael, Kemp (manager), Paterson II., Somerville, Malone, Delaplante II., Forbes, Frith II., Abendana II., Johnson II., Hillman, and Campbell I.

C. A. KEMP, Manager.

THE ALL-STAR TEAM FOR 1907

IN selecting the players for the All-Star Team for this year, no personal likes or dislikes have been entertained. The REVIEW has tried to be as just and fair as is possible in all selections. Where two men have fought hard for a place, we have tried to set down as clearly as possible the reasons for our choice. We have striven in every instance to put the right man in the right place. If there are those who in any way disagree with us, it is their right to do so, and is merely a difference of opinion. The team has been chosen. We have endeavored as far as possible to consider the playing of each man throughout the whole season, without taking into account any one particular game.

FULL BACK.—Bollard, of S. A. C., has, without doubt, earned the place of full back, his following up on long kicks being the chief of his numerous points. His tackling and running was of the best. Although there were surer catches amongst the full backs of the four schools, still we think that without doubt "Dutch" has won this position on his merits.

RIGHT HALF.—Maxwell (B. R. C.). This position has been fought for between Maxwell of B. R. C. and Ramsey of St. Andrew's. Both men certainly play their position well. Maxwell, however, has won the place. His experience has enabled him to use his head well, and his punting and tackling was good. On the whole, we think Maxwell a shade the better man for this position.

CENTRE HALF.—Winstanley (S. A. C.). The position of centre half has been given to "Ned" Winstanley. There is no man playing school football to-day that knows the game better than our western friend "Missouloo." At catching, he practically never misses. He is a good runner and a very hard man to bring down. His headwork is superb. And his ability as a line smasher is unequalled. There is no doubt that Winstanley holds undisputed right of centre half.

LEFT HALF.—To De Gruchy, of U. C. C., goes the place of left half, and here the REVIEW thinks they have found an efficient captain for the All-Star Team of 1907. His ability to captain a

team was shown this year. De Gruchy was the heart of the Upper Canada College team. He shines in all departments of the game, and in the game against S. A. C. the plucky way in which, in spite of his injuries, he stuck to it for the good of his team was admired by all.

Quarter Back.—Grass (S. A. C.). In this position, Campbell, of T. C. S., has come a close second, but the Review has decided that on account of his superior headwork the place should be given to Grass. His passing was accurate and clear, his tackling sure, and his running good. After taking all the things into consideration, we think that for quarter-back Grass is the right man in the right place.

Right Inside.—Drummond, of T. C. S., has been awarded the position of right inside wing. Both against B. R. C. and St. Andrew's Drummond played a hard, steady game. The way he made line plunges was excellent, and his strength enabled him to hold any man against him.

Left Inside.—Arnoldi, of U. C. C., has taken this position. There is scarcely a man in the Big Four this year harder to hold than Arnoldi. He was sure to break through once or twice in every game and block kicks. His tackling was good, and he held his man well.

Right Middle.—Bayletts (B. R. C.) is, without doubt, the strongest middle wing of the four schools. His tackling was excellent, and it was seldom if ever that a man got through him. He seemed to possess the knack of keeping after the ball, and was always in the right place.

Left Middle.—Hope (S. A. C.). In selecting a man for this position both Eberts and Hope of S. A. C. were discussed. The final decision, however, was slightly in favor of Hope. His strongest point consisted in the way in which he lead wing bucks. In every game this year large gains were made by Hope's bucks. His tackling was hard, and he held his man well in all the games. For these reasons he has been awarded the place of left middle wing.

Right Outside.—Norris, of S. A. C., has taken this place on his tackling. There is not a harder tackle in the four schools

than "Ted" Norris, and his speed backs him up. The name of Smith was brought up for this place, but we think the points go to Norris on these grounds.

LEFT OUTSIDE.—Gallaher (U. C. C.) has, without doubt, the first claim to left outside. His speed was good and his tackling excellent. He also shone in the U.C.C.-St. Andrew's game in the way he followed up kicks. For this position the REVIEW thinks Gallaher has won the undisputed right.

CROSS COUNTRY RUN

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, November 13th, over sixty shivering boys lined up for the start of the fifth annual cross-country run, one of the greatest athletic events in the School year. The weather conditions were far from favorable; a stiff, cold breeze was much in evidence, and the roads, owing to recent rain storms, were in a very bad condition. This unfavorable weather, however, did not daunt the enthusiasm of the competitors, and more than twice the number that ran last year toed the mark. The course was practically the same as that of the preceding year, being approximately five and a half miles in length, and over the most rugged country. Sharp at half-past three o'clock the word "Go!" was given, and off they started over the difficult course.

Grass, who ran third last year, and who showed splendid condition on the football field this season, was picked as winner by many. Parsons and Macdonald I., who have been among the first five to finish in the last two years, looked like the men it would be hard to beat. McAvity and Edmonds, who had been training hard, were looked upon as dangerous. There were also many "dark horses" in the field.

The Athletic Association deserves great credit for the excellent manner in which the race was handled. Over thirty stewards were posted along the course to point out the way and give the boys a word of encouragement as they passed. The race was in great doubt until the first runner, who proved to be Grass, hove in view. He was leading Macdonald by about

twenty yards, and as he drew nearer increased his lead, finishing nearly a hundred yards ahead, in the splendid time of 33 minutes. Macdonald crossed the tape thirteen seconds later, having pushed the winner hard up to the last few hundred yards. Parsons was an easy third, finishing nearly a minute ahead of McAvity.

Grass, whose victory was very popular, wins his shield on the Wallace Cup, and also a gold medal. Macdonald and Parsons receive Silver and Bronze medals, respectively.

The 1907 cross-country run proved to be, in every respect, the most successful ever held in the history of the School.

The following is the list of cake-winners:

First Team—McAvity.
Second Team—Corbould.
Top Flat—Edmonds.
Middle Flat—Sutherland I.
Lower School—Sutherland II.
Form VI.—Rogers.
Form V.a—Newman.
Form V.b—Bath.
Form IV.a—Silver.
Form IV.b—Matheson.
Form IV.c—Davison V.
Form III.a—Bicknell.
Form III.b—Macdonald V.
Form II.—Carmichael.
Form I.—Campbell.
Prep.—Whitney.

A. RAMSEY.

LOWER SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY

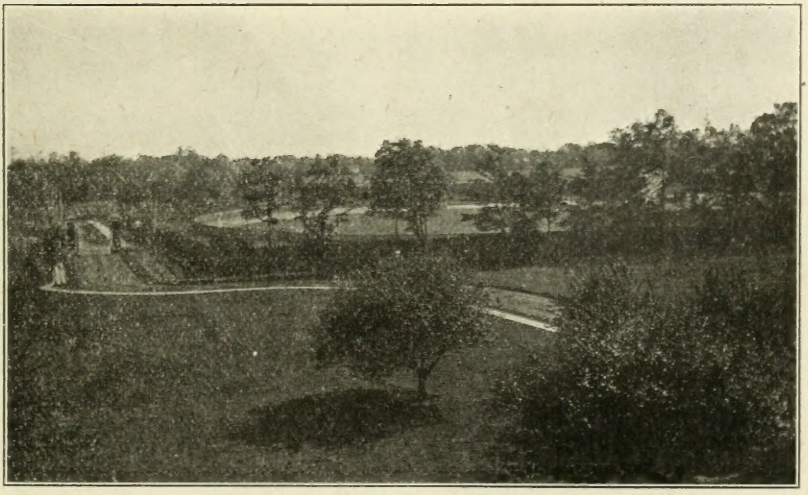
THE Lower School Cross-country took place on the afternoon of November the twentieth. It was a raw, damp day, but the spirits and speed of the contestants seemed unaffected thereby. There was a large entry-list, most of whom finished in good condition. The course was about three miles in length, consisting of a run along Maclennan Avenue to the hill leading into the ravine, along the ravine to the Don Valley Station, along the old Belt Line to Binscarth Road, where a steep and difficult climb awaited the tired runners. Thence to the main entrance of the College, with a finish at the commemorative tree.

Sutherland II., who succeeded in coming in first, made the good record of sixteen minutes, with Cassels III. a good second, at nineteen minutes, allowing for handicap. Cassels was a dark horse and ran an excellent race for a boy of his size.

The cakes were won by Goodman of the Second Form, Freeman of the First, Rolph II. of Upper Preparatory, and Home of the Lower Preparatory.

The consolation cake (awarded to Lower School Boarders of class rank in the Upper School) was awarded to Campbell I.

Altogether the event was of exceptional interest, and was contested in an unusually spirited manner.



Miscellany.

EXCHANGES

COLLEGE ECHOES—from Tientsin, China. This is a delightful little monthly, giving the reader many glimpses of school life in China in its various stages. Odd it is in its style, and interesting, both in its articles and its many photographs. We hope *College Echoes* will continue to exchange with us.

The Calendar comes to us regularly from the Central High School of Buffalo, N.Y. It is perhaps the most original paper, and one of the neatest on our list. Its continuous flow of good stories and articles shows the great care and excellent manner in which it is managed. No doubt it would be improved by a few good photographs.

Acta Victoriana—Perhaps the first impression it would make with the reader would be its brightness throughout. It is one of our best exchanges.

The Ashburian—from Ashbury College of Ottawa. Notable for its neatness both outside and inside. *The Ashburian* would be greatly improved by enlargement and some illustrations.

The Dalhousie Gazette is well gotten up and full of interesting matter.

Blue and White, of Rothesay College, is a delightful little magazine of great merit and most artistic appearance. The editorial staff deserves many congratulations.

The Review, of Western Canada College, is interesting in matter, but of very poor appearance. "Fine feathers make fine birds," and this exchange would be vastly improved were it sent abroad in better attire.

The Shucis of Schenectady High School is probably the best exchange upon our list. It is admirably edited, full of good reading, and of neat appearance.

The B. B. C. of Oshawa is a bright little magazine of the typical school style. It is welcome to our exchange list.

T. C. S. Record is of more interest to T. C. S. than to outsiders. It is rather too much of the chronological type.

Queen's University Journal—a monthly, and one of the large ones. It contains a very large assortment of articles of many varieties, but lacks illustrations and good stories.

Lux Columbiana—Columbian College, New Westminster. Has one good story and some poems. We admire their good taste in selecting the new cover.

McMaster University Monthly—another large paper. It contains many cuts and is well made up. It is, no doubt, of great local interest, though its exclusiveness makes it rather uninteresting.

The Varsity, of Toronto University. This is the only weekly on our list. Must be of great interest to all Toronto men.

We shall be pleased to exchange with *St. Hilda's Chronicle* as formerly.

THE ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING

ON the afternoon of Thursday, October the seventeenth, the annual distribution of prizes took place in the Assembly Hall of the College. There was present a large gathering of doting parents, beaming sisters (to say nothing of the other fellows' sisters), and interested friends. The room was lavishly decorated with palms, flags, and brightly-colored leaves. At three o'clock the Lieutenant-Governor and other distinguished gentlemen were escorted to the dais by the Principal; God Save the King was sung, and then the proceedings were opened by Dr.

Macdonald's speech of welcome and *resume* of the school's achievements during the past year.

The prizes were then handed to the winners by the different gentlemen who had honored us with their presence each of whom accompanied his presentation with a characteristic speech. That of Dr. John Hoskin was particularly interesting and most humorous. Lady Clark presented one of the special prizes, and Mrs.

Albert Gooderham handed Corbould the Lee-Enfield rifle awarded by the Daughters of the Empire. Each of these ladies was then given a beautiful bunch of roses.

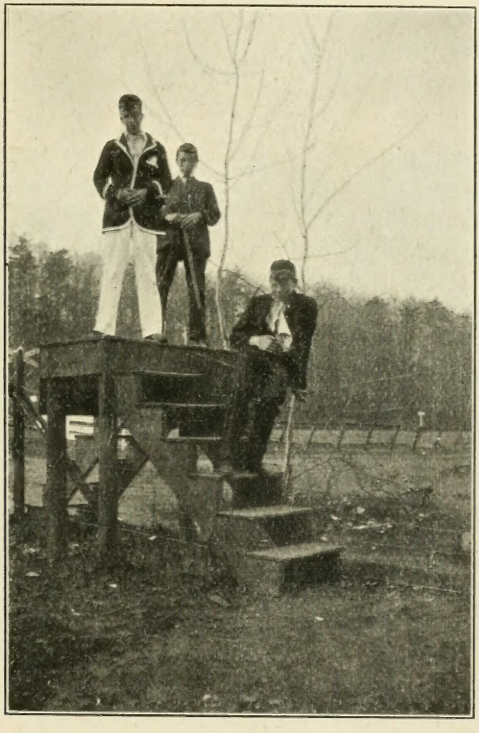
After the prize-giving, refreshments were served in the dining-hall, the tables being effectively decorated with the College colors and lighted with many candles. At the same time, dancing was begun in the gymnasium, where an orchestra discoursed sweet strains for the graceful visitors and their enthusiastic hosts.

Altogether the day was one long to be remembered, and both the Principal and Mrs. Macdonald are to be congratulated upon the success of a highly pleasurable afternoon.

THANKSGIVING AND HALLOWE'EN

THANKSGIVING made a pleasant break in the term's routine, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to spend four good days at home or with the friends who so kindly provided an extra plate at the festive board.

Those who, perforce, had to remain in College were by no



means desolate, but rejoiced in an unusual measure of freedom from regular discipline.

The dinner was a grand success—unlimited quantities of turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the extra delicacies which fill both body and mind with feelings of rare and subtle content.

In the evening, Mrs. Macdonald entertained the boys of the Upper House. The Lower School had a similar treat in their own dining-hall, the room being most tastefully decorated for the occasion in true Hallowe'en style. Amusing games were indulged

n, after which refreshments were served. The fireplace, unfor-
nately, refused to behave as a fireplace should, and in flagrant
bedience to all school rules, smoked openly and derisively.
ome of the witnesses were so affected by this breach of decorum
hat their eyes filled again and again with tears. Eventually
ie offender had to be put out, which rather dampened the
pirits of an otherwise happy gathering.

PLAY THE GAME

THERE'S a breathless hush in the close to-night,
Ten to one, and the match to win,
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And 'tis not for the sake of a ribboned coat
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame;
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the blood of the square that broke;
The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed its banks,
And England's far and Honor a Name;
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that, year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear;
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all, with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

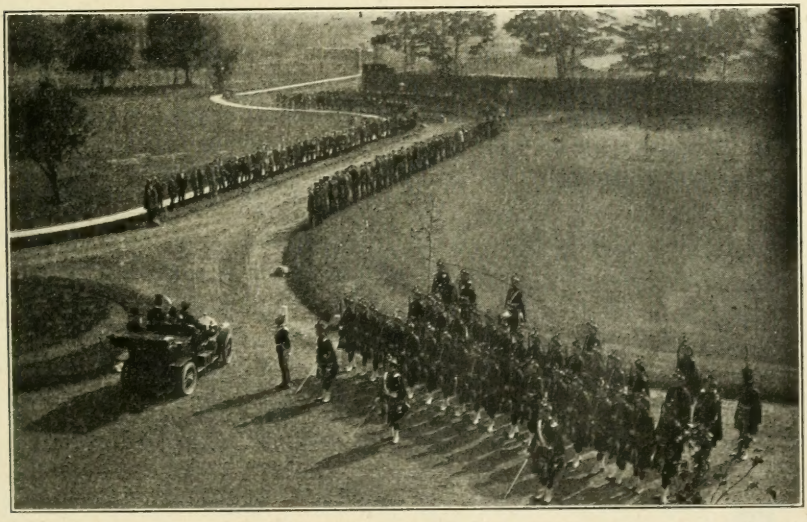
HENRY NEWBOLT.

CADET CORPS

THE reorganization of the Cadet Corps took place somewhat later this year than it did last year, as it was thought that drill would interfere with Rugby practice.

The officers were elected early in November, but the first drill did not take place until nearly December.

But although the corps was not reorganized, last year's members had the chance to turn out on the occasion of the Governor-General's visit. His Excellency spoke very highly of the corps, and it is to be hoped that this year's members will try to live up to his opinion of them.



It is to be regretted that Sergeant Hall will be unable to drill us, but his place has been taken by Sergeant Campbell.

The handsome rifle which was put up for competition in shooting was won by Corbould.

The armories will again be available for rifle practice this year, and it is to be hoped that the members of the corps will take as much interest in it this year as they did last.

The officers of 1907-08 are: Master in Charge, Mr. Taylor; Captain, Wood; First Lieutenant, Hope; Second Lieutenant, Grass; Color-Sergeant, Bowman; Sergeants, Eberts, Macdonald I. and Edmonds; Lance-Sergeant, Winstanley; Corporals, Bollard, Delaplante I., and Crowe.

E. S. DAVISON.

THE KNOCKERS

THEY knock against each circumstance
Which regulates their lot.
They knock when days are short and chill,
Or when they're long and hot.

They knock against the College rules,
They knock against the grub;
They can't resist the chance to give
The best things going a rub.

They knock each school society,
They knock against the Lit.
The truth, mayhap, is that they knock
Because THEY are not IT.

They knock against their helpless friends;
They vow to speak no more,
And when they die, methinks, in vain
They'll knock at Heaven's door.

C. N. W.

EARL GREY'S VISIT TO THE COLLEGE

"THE Governor-General is coming!" These were the words that seemed to re-echo everywhere about the College from the small boys in the Junior House to the larger fellows on the upper flat. Everybody seemed to take it for granted that a holiday was ahead somewhere, and this, coupled with the fact that the School was receiving an honor much out of the ordinary, seemed to raise the spirits of the boys in general.

Everything possible was done to give His Excellency a most hearty welcome. Palms decorated the staircase, while leaves of red and gold adorned the walls and windows of the Assembly Hall.

It was not until after eleven o'clock one Wednesday morning

that His Excellency's auto was seen crossing the bridge. At this news a few sharp orders were given to the cadets, who had taken their stand in front of the College. A few minutes later the motor swept through the gates, and the royal salute was given in true military style.

His Excellency was met at the door by the Principal and several of the directors of the College. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was also present. Immediately after the arrival of the Vice-Regal party, they were escorted to the Assembly Hall. The National Anthem was sung, after which the School gave three rousing cheers for the distinguished visitor. "Loyalty," the Principal remarked, "is not much upon our lips," but in those three cheers it was certainly shown that there was plenty of it somewhere. After the welcome, His Excellency addressed the School. His words appealed to the patriotic side of the boys' nature, and several times was he obliged to pause on account of the applause. He complimented the Cadet Corps, both on their appearance and on the way in which they had saluted him on his arrival at the College. He only expressed his regret that the whole School was not enlisted in their ranks. He also entrusted the boys with what he termed a secret. But, as a secret is no longer a secret when it becomes print, we shall leave it unwritten, save only in the hearts of those who listened.

Before retiring from the Hall, two verses of the Chante Nationale were sung, and here again the boys showed forth their loyalty by the way they sang. His Excellency departed after a hurried inspection of the buildings, and a brief presentation of the Staff in the Principal's office. On his leaving the Royal Salute was again given, and the motor sped down the drive amid a long roar of lusty cheers from the whole School, who had lined up to give a suitable send-off.

Never before had the School been visited by so distinguished a guest, and when such an honor may again be given us we do not know. But still, the School goes on, and as those who are among us rise to positions of importance, as the College itself grows, let us strive to live even as we sing,—

"As in the days of old, for Christ and the King."

F. B. H.

MUSINGS

WHAT is it makes me mope all day?
What takes my inmost joys away?
What robs me of my harmless play?
Detention!

What makes me lie awake at night?
What makes me such a mournful sight?
What takes away my appetite?
Detention!

What makes me downcast and forlorn?
What keeps my thoughts with anguish torn?
What makes me wish I'd ne'er been born?
Detention!

Gone are those times; there was a day
When every game I used to play,
But now, when asked, I have to say
Detention!

At football oft I scored a touch,
Now I've no chance; I think it such
A shame that I should get so much
Detention!

And hockey, too, I once enjoyed,
To miss it makes me feel annoyed.
And yet I never can avoid
Detention!

Oh, hang my luck, I feel so sore,
I wish my boyhood days were o'er,
And then, perhaps, I'd get no more
Detention!

"INFELIX."

L'ENVOI.

School-days are past, and now I strive
To balance books till half-past five;
'Twas play to this, as I'm alive,
Detention!

"INFELICIOR."

ALPHABET

A is for Anderson, who has a red head,
He plays on a flute before going to bed.

B is for Beaty, although there are two,
We cannot distinguish them—neither can you.

C is for Canas, who hails from the South;
He talks with his ears and makes signs with his mouth.

D is for Davison, of whom there are six,
We've got them all numbered, so shan't get them mixed.

E is for Eberts, a happy lad he,
Who showed his good sense by forsaking U. C.

F is for Frost, who is not very cold,
He never will do the things he is told.

G is for Grass, of cross-country fame—
It is queer how a fellow can run on his name.

H is for Housser, who answers to Fred,
And hustles the first team off early to bed.

I is for Industry—Idiots, too.
If you don't like the first, perhaps the second will do.

J is for Johnson, who came back to College
To try and see if he could patch up his knowledge.

K is for Kilgour, who studies with steam,
To him the world mostly is merely a dream.

L is for Lemon, a rum thing to be,
So we handed it over to U. C. C.

M is for Miller—they say he's quite fat,
But his clothes hang so nicely, you'd never see that.

N is for Norris, who plays outside wing,
Whenever he tackles he leaves a sure sting.

O is for Oborn, a pretty young boy,
Who when he is pleased cries out loudly, "O Joy!"

P is for Paine—Christian Science may say
That no such a person comes here every day.

Q 's for Quinine, which has not a nice taste,
Nurse makes us consume it with indecent haste.

R is for Ross, who comes from the West,
At the end of the week he puts on his best.

S is for Snow, a boy we all know,
He's often around when it's 40 below.

T is for Thompson, he weighs more than an ounce,
And looks the dead image of poor Billy Bounce.

U is for Union, embracing us all—
They *make* us play cricket, but what of football?

V is for Vandervoort—gone quite a while,
But with us still lingers the end of his smile.

W for Winstanley, known as Montana Bill,
Though his legs are so warped he can run with a will.

X is for someone who cannot be found,
Though we've searched the whole house from attic to ground.

Y is for Yuile, who lives in the East,
When he gets very mad he will call you a beast.

Z is for Zeigler, an old boy, of age,
We put his name in just to fill up the page.

D. Smith.

THE FOOTBALL GAME

NO, he did not play at football,
For they said he was too light;
But he stood there on the campus,
And he yelled with all his might.

Yelled until his face was purple,
Yelled until his throat was sore;
But, you see, that did not matter,
For his side had won the score.

Gave the class yell, loud and hearty,
It was near the set of sun;
Stood up, strong and brave and manly,
Proud because his side had won.

Croaked the good news to his mother,
Hoarse as frog in marshy pool;
But, you know, you must be in it,
When you're young and go to school.

Some have bumps, black eyes, and bruises,
Feel so old, and stiff, and lame;
But these trifles count for nothing,
When your side has won the game.

Then the wise and kind reporter,
Everybody's friend in need,
Writes it all up in the paper,
So that all the world may read.

Of the pleasure no description
Mortal tongue nor pen can tell,
When you're standing on the campus,
And the boys have done so well.

—A FRESHMAN, in "The Shucis."

Skits.

McGREGOR (in football practice): "You brute! you pushed me on purpose."

Tokis, Star, and Dela are the same old cut-ups, breaking all the poor girls' hearts that come up to the College games.

Common questions:
"What will buns be at the new Tuck?"
"Is Winstanley really good-looking?"
"Are Dela's and Star's coats padded?"
"Is Fat Miller graceful?"
"Is McFarlane's hair red?"

Grass to Wood I.: "Please, captain, may I take my sword home to show mother?"

Edmonds, going into V.b: "Now, you fellows will have to cut out this noise or I will chastise a few of you."

Delaplante to a number of Junior House boys: "Now, you must respect my authority, do you understand?"

Grass: "I bet the girls' lines miss me terribly now I am a boarder."

Fat Miller: "Bah, Jove, if I could only get near that bally ball I would show them how to kick it."

Macdonald III. (playing football): "Here, where's that there outside wing?"

Bronson—Billy Sproul, the Ottawa fireman.

Macauley—Successor of Eva Gilmour.

Crowe—The bird on Nellie's hat.

Frost—The cold man from Smith's Falls.

MacGregor—The grave-digger.

Oliver—The sport.

McCullough—One of the 57.

Carling—The boy with the harness.

Johnson I.—Toes fat Grant's eating capacity.

Master (to Carling in History class): "Why is Ottawa famous?'
Carling: "Our beer's made there, Sir."

The form of Hale is missed very much by a few of his followers.

It is reported that Eva Gilmour has signed with the old familiar company, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now playing in Brockville.

Charlie Waterous has won the eating championship.

We miss "Bung's" tenor voice during the practising of the College hymns.

Where did Shook get that hat.

A favorite question of one of our masters: "Are you crazy?"

Edmonds (entering a young ladies' dining-room): "Ha-yo! Hi-yo! Give me a piece of pie-o!"

Macdonald III. (to Hope, who was taking the order list around): "One ice cream soda, on Bingham's, please!"

Winstanley applied for goal on one of the soccer teams—"But, alas those legs."

Master (to Acton, who was looking at another boy's work): "What are you looking at, Acton?"

Acton: "Just his work, sir, to see if he knows as much as I do."

Oh, Billy Sproul was a weary old soul,
A merry old soul was he.
He slid down the pipe in the fireman's hall,
And laughed and chuckled with glee.
(For particulars on Billy Sproul, apply to Bronson.)

Davison II. (to Wilson I.): "Come on over to the tuck."

Wilson I.: "Can't; I'm full." (As Davison turns to go: "Oh, hold on! Are you going to ask some one else?"

Davison: "Yes."

Wilson: "I'll go."

Delaplante II. to Davison VI.: "Fred, did you see my new 99c pyjamas?"

Davison VI.: "Did you get them from 'Pickles?' "

Pickles had a bargain sale, and Eberts and Ned Winstanley were there.

Winstanley, who was playing quarter for Junior House the other day, was asked by Ernest Rolph if he was going to play quarter for the Prep. Team.

Mr. F.: "You can obtain these little books in the office" (loud cheers) "for the small sum of ten cents." (Groans.)

Mr. M.: "Take this down and get it up!"

Master in IV.a: "If you boys want to make a noise in here you'll have to get out to do it."

No. 1 is always warm when McPherson II. is in the room.

Joe Wilson to Wright I.: "Doug., if you were ever out in a boat, you wouldn't need any wind."

Wright: "No; my boat has an engine in it."

(Those who have heard it have consulted Detective McCullough, and he will try and find out whether it is a hot air engine or gasolene.)

McKnight (to Wilson I.): "I haven't been to a theatre since the midsummer holidays."
Wilson I.: "Why, won't they let you in?"

Master (to Edmonds): "How is it, Edmonds, that you are invariably late for my period."
Voice (from back of room): "Sir, he goes up to brush his hair."

Edmonds to Delaplante: "Where do you get your hair-oil? Pember's or Dorenwend's? It makes the hair so nice and glossy."

Bay to Grant I.: "Why are you studying in the class room?"
Grant I.: "O! it is too noisy in my room."

We wonder if Hastings I. has caught any more big fish.

New Boy: "Where are the fireworks?"
Old Boy: "Oh, it's only Bell!"

Macdonald II. in Room 3: "5c for 6 pairs of cuffs!"
Ike Ross: "I will, if you give the shirts, too."

"The Mysteries of Room 23, or Who Shook and Who Crowed?"

Hastings I. must find it rather tame down here after going out and shooting five or six moose and three or four bears before breakfast when he was out on the survey.

Silver to Ross: "I will give you a quarter if you put in a skit about me."

Mordecai (picking up his own burning set): "Have a care, boys; I have a very sharp temper, and I am liable to throw this out of the window."

We are glad to state that the school has decided to buy the bellboy a cake of soap next term.

Mr. S. (to Bay): "You will take two periods."

"Well, that deserves an hour off your leave!"

Master (to Boy): "What is the plural of mother-in-law?"
Boy: "Troubles, sir."

Somebody forgot to issue bath tickets to one of the new boys.

Some of the members of Room 25 have the craze now to try and tickle a mandolin to death.

Wilson I. turns his trousers up higher since getting his new tan boots.

Bicknell: "Oh, my wibs!"

Davison VI. (to Housser): "Hello, Freddie!"

Canas: "Ah, dat wass de time yeou got—estung!"
Peres: "Sto-o-ng!"

Mr. H. (as plate is passed for more pudding): "Whose plate is this, MacKeen?"
Allan (butting in): "The College's, sir!"

Mr. H. (to Allan): "Allan, take your nose out of that pudding!"

Mordecai (to Grant I., who has just taken his napkin): "Grant, that was very unkind. I shall hate you for that."

Mordecai (who is imprisoned on ledge outside the window): "O, Eric, let me in, else in my rage I may break the window!"

Mordecai (to MacKeen, who has insulted him): "MacKeen, you are below my dignity."

Waterous (with his mouth full, to his room mates): "I would give you fellows some cake, but it was presented to me."

Mr. T. (to boys waiting for leave): "Oh, I forgot all about you fellows!"

Master: "Lewis, why are you always grinning like an idiot?"
Lewis: "Sir, I can't help it."

Johnson I.: "Gee! I'm hungry. I only had enough money to get a brick of ice cream and two Chelseas."

MacGregor has had some remarkable experiences.

Master (to Boy): "Well, you *have* got a crust!"

Master (in history class): "Well, what was I speaking about?"

"The Mystery of Room 30, or Who Put the Egg in Johnson's bed."

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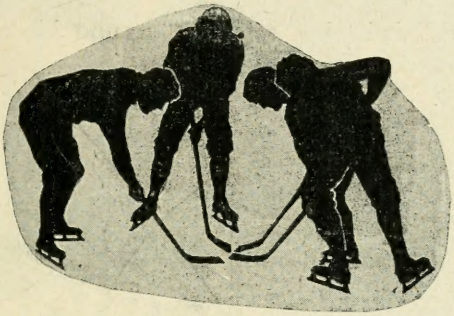

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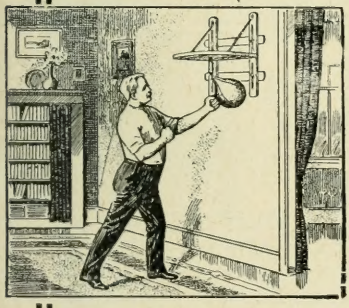

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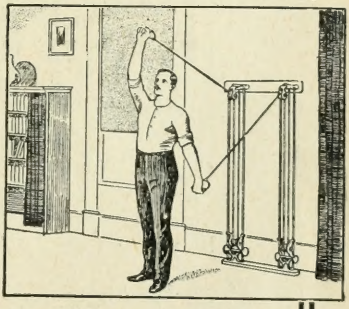

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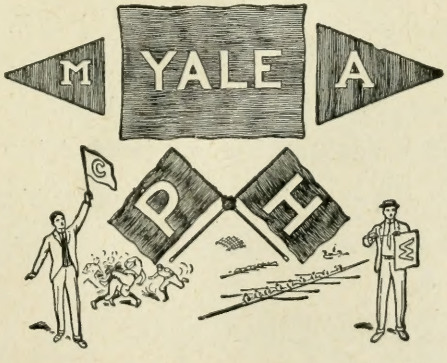

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Johnson I. (clutching wildly at his breast): "Stabbed to the heart with a rotten banana!"

Cameron (to mouse running past his bed): "Skiddo-o-o-o!"

MacGregor came out of his faint when Housser suggested sticking a pin in him.

Thomson IV. (who has eaten all around his cheese): "Say, won't you fellers have some cheese?"

Whew! Look at the tie on Artie!

Evans: "Please, suh, will you tell me how to pronounce a word?"
Master: "What's the word?"
Evans: "Suh, I can't pronounce it."

Eberts: "Gee! ain't Jack religious?"

McFarland (in front of the glass before the first team picture is taken): "I wonder what pose I look prettiest in?"

Thomson IV. to Bell: "Come for a walk, Dingle?"
Bell: "Far be it from such."

Master (to Bell): "Do you take me for a fool?"
Bell: "Y-y-y-yes, sir."
Bell was found in detention that afternoon.

Bronson states that just as he was leaving his room one night he was roughly seized by the throat. "Who could the villain be?"

Master to Evans: "Do you know what you're talking about?"
Evans: "No, suh; but I'm not the only one."

Master (on duty at 11 p.m., entering Winstanley's room): "What's all this noise in here?"
Bell: "P-p-p-please, s-s-sir, it was j-j-j-just W-W-Winstanley turning o-o-over in b-b-b-b-ed, sir."

Heard in Room 20: "Get careless, Kido."

Housser to Eberts: "Gee! Fat, you just look like a cross baby."

Galbraith I.: "I can't think when I am working."

Let little Melchior run with the ball.

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DEPT "D"

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Who gave you leave on this flat?

Whitney has challenged Edmonds and MacGregor to a ten-mile race.

Hope (sleepily, to Crawford I.): "What's the matter—a fire down town?"
Crawford I.: "No, I was only looking at the moon."

Mordecai was much amused at seeing snow.

Hastings (in history class): "Sir, could you tell me how many square miles there are in Greenland?"

MacGregor: "I bet I finish first, second, or third in the cross-country."

Rutter (looking at the monkey in the glass): "Gee! I have another pimple on my face."

Harold Thomson (after hearing our famous quartette):
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage,
Melt a rock, or split a cabbage."

Mr. Mills (to nurse in the office):
"Mrs. Code, you're in my road.
Get out of the way,
S'il vous plait."

Mordecai (eating some Chiclets): "If you tease me I may swallow my Chiclets in my rage."

Bell (to lady friend): "If I am first here to-night, will you go with me?"

Evans (in ancient history class): "Sir, did the Spartans have to get leave cards when they were absent?"

Kilgour I. to Housser: "Please don't put any skits in about me, Fred?"

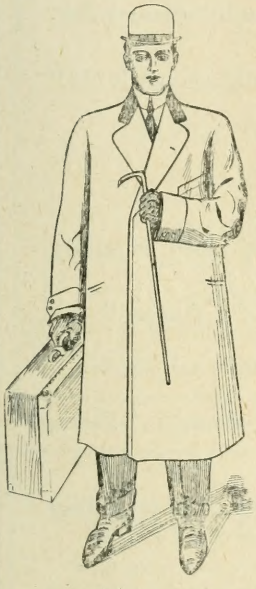
Pickles (leaving Room 19): "Well, so long, fellows!"

Mordecai may be extravagant in many ways, but his soap bill certainly is not large.

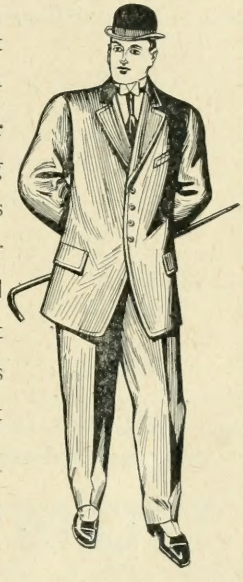
The Jamaica pugilistic contest: Abendana vs. Mordecai.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY (REGISTERED)

Department Changes



¶ The shortness of time left until the workmen and decorators will be in the **Fairweather** Store remodeling and refitting the premises, preparatory to its becoming exclusively a store for Ladies' Ready-to-Wear apparel and Furs of all kinds, makes it imperative that all our Men's goods should be cleared at once.



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¶ Many of these goods were bought by us for the holiday selling and all are fresh and correct styles. Our neckwear in Silk Ties and Mufflers is the finest we have ever carried. This is true also of our Underclothing, Hosiery and Shirts, and our Hats are the best blocks of the world's most famous makers.

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Master: "Are you asleep?"
Boy: "No, sir."
Master: "Take a house late for not being asleep."

Extract from evening roll: "Sheriff—Shook—Silver."

Mr. Black: "Bell, why do you bring fractions to a common denominator in order to add them?"
Bell: "S-s-s-sir, in o-o-o-order to h-ha-ha-handle them b-b-b-better."
Mr. Black: "Do you know what you are talking about, Bell?"
Bell: "No, sir."

Delaplante to Frith I.: "Any orders?"
Frith: "Yes— a hair-cut."

Mr. McGee: "Well, Green, you didn't go to sleep in study to-night?"
Green: "No, sir; I tried hard to keep awake for a change."

McAvity: "The waves in Abendana's hair make me seasick."

Waterous (the day after first team colors are given): "Plink, will you lend me your sweater and cap?"

Bollard: "I smashed two teeth and sprained another playing that bally game of soccer."

Dutch: "My, Toronto seems slow after a big place like Peterborough. I wonder if she makes a difference?"

A certain master *might* improve the top flat orchestra if he would join it.

It's great to be able to go down town on the REVIEW, eh, Fink?

Clayton (in front of the glass): "I hardly know what side to part my hair on. She likes it on one side and mother likes it on the other."
Hope: "Part it in the middle then."
Eberts: "Do like me, and don't part it at all."
Housser: "Take turns; part it on her side one day and on mother's the next."
Clayton: "Oh, you fellows don't treat it a bit seriously."

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HEAD OFFICE, - - - - TORONTO, CANADA

Phink (talking in his sleep): "I wonder if she loves me just a tiny little bit?"

Fat Eberts (admiring his new pumps): "My, won't I be graceful now!"

Boy (to Chappy Grant): "What's your opinion of Mr. ——?"
Grant: "? X ! ! ! ! !"

McAvity: "My, I have such a cold; I think I will have to sleep in my sweater to-night."

Girl (looking at Crawford's picture in the first team group): "My, but isn't he a pretty boy!"

Eugene was caught between two trains;
Folks with a bag picked up the remains.
The neighbors were greatly stirred by the scene,
And the only collected person was Gene.

Princeton Tiger.

"Good-night!" she sighed, and yet once more,
"Good-night!" he cried, "Adieu! adieu!"
The parlour clock struck one before
The lateness of the hour struck two.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

There was a grass widow quite proper,
Who was formerly married to Hopper;
But he got a divorce,
As a matter of course,
And the grass widow is now a grass hopper.